

THE *INNIS HERALD*

December, 1995

Miserably Cold, lots of slush

Issue 2



J. Brown, Principal

Our Dumb Opinions

Innis Herald Discriminated Against by big News Conglomerate "Varsity"

Late this past October, the Innis Herald had what its current editors could only call "a scandal of epic proportions". This comment was, of course, very subjective and spoken with the common Innis bias. Common Innis scandals usually involve cutlery lifted from the cafe or someone getting drunk in the ICSS office. The Herald scandal was bigger than this run-of-the-mill garbage. And that's big.

The previous Herald editor Diane Sidik and her co-editor Rachel Murray resigned on a cold October afternoon. Joel Schuster replaced her as editor, and Lauren Speers replaced Murray as co-editor. Shortly thereafter, big News Conglomerate the "Varsity" got wind of what had happened and sent several crack reporters to cover the story.

Or, so they should have. In reality, only one first-year cub reporter ever found his way to Innis. After talking to most of the people involved (the current editor was conspicuously absent), a story was written and placed in the Thursday edition of the Varsity.

The Varsity's handling of the situation was down-

right discriminatory toward the Herald. Not only was their story written a month after the Crisis of Scandalous Size, but it was utterly buried on page three! Those of us who remember last year's New College newspaper fiasco can only look on this with indignation. The Varsity would make it seem that the Innis Herald is not deserving of the front-page coverage which the New Edition was privy to.

Now, the Herald was pleased that the "Quote of the Week" in the Varsity was plucked from The Incident. Unfortunately, the quote was taken out of context and misexplained [I am not certain that this is a word. Maybe I should have fixed it rather than write this - ed.]. The Innis Herald was disappointed about the lack of journalistic integrity employed here, but was happy to note that it was not the only paper on campus which cranks out issues with reckless abandon.

The Innis Herald is now extensively lobbying the Varsity over equal coverage. Put simply, the Innis Herald Scandal should be put on the front page of the Varsity for weeks, not "fit" onto page three. There wasn't even a pic-

ture! The headline wasn't terribly catchy, being only "Innis Herald editor and co-editor resign". How about "Scandal rocks foundation of Innis College" or "Innis Herald Kicked in Nuts"? The Varsity told its "readers" that the editor and co-editor resigned a month after it happened. Perhaps they could have at least been current. Maybe "Tired old editors replaced by robots one month ago" or "Harrison Ford / Innis Herald bestiality crisis". Okay, those aren't set in stone or anything, but they could have done something!

The Innis Herald feels that all Innis students (known as the ICSS; this term does not refer to the student government exclusively) deserve better than seeing their good name buried on page three. Hell, "YMCA sets up course for businesswomen" found its way to page one. Why not "Innis Herald editors killed in a tragic coup by frantic alligators". Even "Star-studded scandal at Innis College" would have done. The Innis Herald is not picky!

Varsity, next time get your facts straight; oh, and when you're dealing with Innis College, put us on page one. Innis is what people are interested in.

EDITORIAL: SCANDAL!

by: Joel Schuster

Hopefully by the time you're reading this issue all your stress will have drained out of you. This time of year is hard enough without half of your year's marks determined on the same day.

Anyway, since it is the holiday season, I think it best for me to relate to you a holiday tale. A couple of December ago, I was caught in a snowdrift in a frozen car. To top it off, I was out in the middle of nowhere. With only my good friend Bob in the car, we had to keep warm any way we could. We got very close in the front seat, and then remembered that this uncomfortable situation could be avoided with the car's cigarette lighter.

Once the lighter heated up, it soon hit our pathetic selves that we could never get warm unless we started a small fire. Without thinking, Bob dropped the glowing lighter underneath the seat. Now, we were still pretty cold and weren't moving all that fast. I'll tell you, buddy, I'd have moved a lot quicker had I remembered all the road flares I'd dumped under the driver's seat.

The flares caught with a wicked red light, instantly illuminating the car with mind-numbing heat and intensity. A UFO, to make a long story short, Bob caught on fire and had to put himself out with the snowbank. Then, a UFO saw us and pulled us up into the sky and took us to another planet. Santa was there, and Bob kicked him in the nuts; this was presumably done because he had suffered burns on 40% of his body, but personally I think he still looked okay.

Okay, so maybe parts of this story don't make sense and aren't really true. I think that there is a valuable lesson to be learned here. I don't know what it is, exactly, but if you send us something which sounds good I'll print it in the next issue. I'll even call it the editorial. Just like this.

Oh, and to clear up a point. By the time this is printed I'll probably be done all the stressful assignments which are due right now. In other words, that means that I'm under a ridiculous amount of stress right now. Sorry for writing this.



EDITORIAL: EPITHETMELON?

by Lauren Speers

This could be a lament for lost sleeping opportunity or an epithalamion for Rachel Murray and Diane Sidik but really, that would be boring. I could talk about how the Varsity kinda sorta misrepresented what's going on at the Herald, but that would be political, and that's a no-no at the moment (just check out the article on this page about that -ed.). I always thought that if one was an editor then one would have important opinions about the stuff that happens in the milieu of the paper, but that would probably be more boring than the lament... which most people would actually sympathize with at this time of year. But not much actually happens at The Herald.

Basically, this is our holiday issue. It was originally going to be four pages. Then it grew to twelve. And then we realized that so many (really wonderful) people wrote in on such pertinent, non-filler-like subjects that the Herald could be the proud possessor of the sixteen sweet pages you see before your eyes. And, we once again received more articles than we could print; kudos to those who wrote and didn't get published... Sorry, and we'll try and get what you wrote in for the January issue. Which, by the way, will be out in the first couple of weeks in January (go figure). If anybody reading this suddenly feels an incredible, undeniable, overwhelming urge to write, draw or take pictures for it, please go ahead. It would be really great not to have to put together a newspaper in a couple of days because our contributors only had a week or so to think about what they put in. Well, now all you potential contributors have a month. Enough eager beaver editor stuff, though... It's worse than the epithalamion would have been.

I just asked Joel and Damian what they thought I could write about in my editorial. I should have anticipated their answer. "Sex!" said Damian. "Sex," said Joel. ("Sex?" thought Lauren.)

[Lauren's editorial was left in its incomplete state as she ran off yelling and sweating. We hope to have her back in time for January, assuming she's recovered. One thing - what's an epithalamion? -ed.]

The Innis Herald

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December, 1995

Circulation: 14 million

The Big People

Joel Schuster: Editor & Big Jerk

Lauren Speers: Co-Editor & Really Tired

Caroline Meyer: Treasurer and Spinner of good tunes really Early

Aare Voittk: Sexy young Secretary, mysteriously absent for this issue

The Smaller People Trod on by the Above

Craig Clemens & Andy Millar: Film Editors

Len McKee: Sports Editor

Cass Enright: Thirsty Editor

Antonia Yee: Art & Lit Editor

Noami Freeman: Music Editor

Worked her ass off w/ Layout & Too Sexy For This Paper:

Cathy Oh

Innis Herald Logo: Nic deGroot

Cover Art: Copyright Spin magazine

Contributors:

Vinay Bhala

Renata Catenacci

P. Funk

Jennica Harper

Adam Horwitz

Christopher Lam

Alexi Manis

Cathy Oh

William O'Higgins

Roach

Carlin Sandor

Suzanne Stephenson

Damian Tarnopolsky

Jon Zeidman

Herald Thanks and Information

Feel free to drop any submission to room 305 (old building) Innis College, any time during the week. Our phone number is 978-4748, and FAX is 978-5503. Our address is rm 305, Innis College, 2 Sussex Avenue, Toronto Ontario, M5S 1J5.

To all the people who wrote for this issue (or the last one, for that matter), thanks for coming out. We are only here because of you. We'd also like to remind everybody of the upcoming election for the positions of Editor and Co-editor. The notices with dates are expected soon from the I.C.S.S.

The Innis Herald is the monthly, student-run newspaper of Innis College. The Innis Herald has an open-letter policy. We reserve the right to edit any submissions, including sexist, racist, or homophobic contents, in consultation with the author. All writing submitted must be accompanied by the author's signature and telephone number. The views and opinions expressed in the Innis Herald attribute only to their authors and do not reflect the opinions of Innis College and the student body. Really, we're glad you're reading this.

Special thanks to Aaron, Sue and Cathy who kept me from having multiple heart attacks and throwing myself off the roof of Innis. You guys are amazing and are hereby nominated for sainthood.

Funding Cuts, Slashes and Disappears

By Lauren and Adam

This is a serious article. It has no place in the forum for humour, wit and perversion that constitutes the Innis Herald of today. Still, this article is important to all of us, because most of us want school to be affordable (unless your parents are paying for it and you don't care.)

The long and the short of it is that Ontario universities are facing a \$162 million cutback from their government funding. The Tory government's finance minister Ernie Eves (who should be shot and peed on) announced the plan for the \$6 billion social spending cuts on November 29th. This means that hospitals, schools and municipalities province-wide will take the damage.

Even if the U. of T. raises tuition as much as they are legally allowed to, after the 15 % cut, this venerable institution will be forced to swallow a \$35 million loss in revenue. This will mean larger classes, larger debts and fewer student services.

The debt factor is alarming. OSAP is not planning on increasing student loans to compensate for the increased cost of tuition, at least not next year. The current program will not be altered until the summer of 1997. Many people will find that their summer jobs cannot pay for the rising costs of university and living, in effect being almost forced to take on part-time work. Will enrollment in colleges soar as a result? The student's standard of living is already down from what it was ten years ago. With these cuts, it will likely plummet further. The new government loan plan, which will demand interest payments from students concurrently enrolled in the education system (based on income-contingency), will cost students more in the end; educationally, as well as financially.

Faced with less money to work with, the departments will have to tighten their belts by more than a few notches. Course selection will diminish immediately, since smaller classes cost more to run. Though we will pay more there will be fewer professors proportionally, with many more students. The quality of education consequently tumbles, as professors and T.A.'s have less time to spend with each individual. Student services (particularly non-academic ones, like counseling centers) will decrease as even the mighty libraries take a blow as surplus money becomes a thing of the past.

And this is just the first of three scheduled cuts. Thanks, Mike.

The Non-demoninalization of Christmas

By Suzanne Stephenson

Ah, Christmastime in this city. Celebration of the birth of a prophetic leader turned buy-by impetus draining of meaning. The over-commercialized Capitalist money grab. Countless dollars sucked out of consumers because of a special day observed in Christianity, albeit a majority religion in North America. If present society is to have a non-denominational holiday, the spiritual significance of that occasion should be based upon something that everyone has in common. How is this possible in such a layered salad? Economy, supply and demand create a commercial circus. A celebration of birth in the dead of winter. The overwhelming stress of school, work, entertaining, being broke and seasonal sniffles are amplified by the bustle of anxious shoppers and capitalist conspiracy Santa Claus parade. Access to the subway thwarted by impermeable layers of miserable children and even more miserable parents ogling at irritatingly cheery elf, cheery floats and petrified marching musicians. Merry fucking Christmas kids!

The series of events surrounding Christmas have escalated into a strength-sapping inferno. Capitalist advertisers provide the masses with enticing ropes to cling to as we apparently climb the uneven wall to heaven. Pride in the snide remarks and showing off of obnoxious rich relatives. Envy of shiny new toys with pretty buttons which mysteriously do not appear amidst the ribbons and bows. The excruciating wrath of bitching in-laws. Love is certainly misdirected while preparing for Santa Claus to come to town. Sloth produced by sitting around getting loaded on eggnog while on vacation from work. A love removal machine. The avaricious need to receive bigger and better packages. Gluttony created while munching on excessive amounts of turkey and goodies. Excessive false material love. According to professor Mavawala (my presence can be found in Anthropology 100 on occasion) more babies are conceived at Christmas than at any other time of the year. Perhaps mistletoe really does aid in seduction.

Frankly, the bullshit of the season is adding to my stress level. The meaning of Christmas has become too jaded with hype to be believed. Show your appreciation for those you care for every day of the year. Everyone celebrates meaningful events in different ways. This year, concentrate on giving love and energy, for Christmas can no longer be taken seriously.



Re: Tamopolsky's *Asterix on Cocaine*

While true that Obelix is massive, let's not overlook the telling semiotic import of his name itself. An obelisk, of course, being a tall pillar which tapers from a thick base to a penetrating pyramidal point. More fascinatingly phallic in its linguistic suggestion, I suggest, than the boringly blatant phallic forest.

V. Sarcophagus

Damian writes: Sarcophagus' twiddlingly inconsequential thoughts are as banal in content as they are lax in expression: perhaps less sparky than a long-dead catamite to Rameses II. I refer the 'writer' to Shanks' savage dismissal of early neo-formalist "Obidiah" postulate (U. of Oh., 1923) which dealt lavishly with similar (if more interesting) hypotheses, in the light of which no informed reader would thinkingly dare suggest them again.

Letters to the Editors

So this is the Innis Herald under new management. Big deal. As much as I would like to think that new faces behind the print would mean an overhaul of the paper, it is plainly not the case. Not that I have any right to complain, as I did not take on the job, nor would I. It is a shitty job, and it is almost totally thankless. Still, with such an infusion of new blood I would hope that the paper would change complexion at least somewhat. That is not to say that it is a bad paper, for what it does. It prints the crap that people submit so that they can read their own work later and complain about the editing. The paper can only print what is submitted, a fact that makes the resignation of the old editors completely unsurprising. It is hard to make pate from dogshit and tripe. Still, there could be ways of at least making the paper look different, until you start to read. Except for the long, pointless, meaningless editorial (which from reading the Varsity is only part of the story) there is no way that this new Herald could be distinguished from the old.

The bottom line is that I'm tired of the new, identical to the old, Innis Herald. I'm tired of reading about sports that no one but the participants care about, movies that I wouldn't pay matinee prices for, and poetry too sweet for

Reality Getting You Down?
Escape To A World Of Your Choos-
ing!

Join the Innis Role-
Playing Society

The IRS is accepting new members, so sign up now. Tell us what game you want to play, or run, and we'll start campaigning. Games begin in the New Year, so there's lots of time to plan and scheme.

ShadowRun
Space: 1889
Dungeons & Dragons
Harn
Magic
Call of Cthulu
Rifts
Heroes Unlimited
and Many More...

Beginners Welcome!

Sign up on the Innis Clubs Board, drop a note in the Vice President: Government's box in room 116 of Innis College or call William at 532-4121

Entry Fee: 2 (two) Pennies

..Innis.Holidaye..

Yule Be Sorry

Odds are that you're going to make yourself miserable this Holiday Season. Get over it. Me, I'm getting all my bitching and whining over with now, in print, and my gripe is all the bloody Christmas griping I'm going to have to endure. Again.

If you are a typical Christmas Loser, you will almost certainly spend too much money over the holidays - even to the point of spending money you don't have. You will eat too much, drink too much, stress out too much, and spend altogether too much time doing things you hate with people you can't really stand. You are also likely to spend a goodly ebunk of your "time out to relax" (be it from work, school, or both) working working like a fiend, or do or not consider shopping, wrapping, cooking, and cleaning to be work?

Take some advice from the Roach, and make your resolutions NOW. Resolve not to become yet another Christmas Loser, and then stick to it. That way you stand a slim chance of actually enjoying yourself over the holidays. Some particular resolutions you might want to adopt:

1. Stay away from the malls This is always good advice, but it's more so than ever. The malls are heading up to just about 100 million dollars of sales (can you say "tidbit mo"?). These places are enormous cathedrals of the Church of Consumerism and they will make a convert of you in very short order. Their simplest message is that you should be spending money you don't have buying people you don't like things they don't need. If you think this is REALLY stupid, do something about it. STOP. If you can't stop, at least ease in quietly, you pathetic whiner. If you need extra incentive, consider this tidbit (courtesy of Richard Shenkan's utterly amazing Legends, Lies & Cherished Myths of American History):

Until the Civil War Christmas was but a faintly observed, Most shockingly, retailers hardly seemed to take notice of the occasion. Historians report that the pages of the New York Tribune in 1841 did not contain a single example of the advertising with a Christmas theme. It wasn't until after the Civil War that retailers began experimenting with social Christmas sales. Once they did, however, it didn't take long for them to discover the commercial possibilities offered by the holiday. By 1870 December had become the merchants' single largest selling month of the year."

2. Stay away from relatives In general, a good measure of a person's wisdom and happiness is how much time they spend with people they actually WANT to be with versus how much time they spend being miserable around people they hate. (I know that I, for one, am already lower on this scale than I'd like to be - I spend too much time with pathetic whiners.) Resolve not to let the holidays lower your score on this measure, and avoid your relatives until mid-January at the earliest. Even if you think you like these people, avoiding them over the holidays will make you that much more likely to STILL like them in January. If you have some social obligation that you absolutely can't get out of, you can still mitigate your losses. My advice is to grab a few hors d'oeuvres as soon as you arrive, and then lock yourself in the bathroom for the rest of the night. If anyone comes by, mean loudly and tell them their crappy hors d'oeuvres gave you the shits (politely, of course). Remember to sneak in a good bang if nothing else, you'll be less likely to be invited back next year. Tidings of comfort and joy!

3. Do The Right Thing Try to come up with creative alternatives to mindless consumerism, and resolve to spend some time and money this Christmas helping out those less fortunate than yourself. (Yes, you Pathetic Whiner, I dare to suggest that there ARE people out there less fortunate than yourself. Yes, you Pathetic Whiner, I dare to suggest that there ARE people out there less fortunate than you.) After all, does Billy really need a new bong? Is that what this time of year is really about? Only to the extent that you let it be.

This year, tell Billy that you're donating five hours of volunteer labour to the food bank in his name. Better yet, invite him along. For a change of pace, try spending only what you can afford buying things that are desperately needed for people you don't even know. See if this makes a difference in how you feel. See if it makes a difference in the world around you. (Hint: It Does.) It's also important to note that there are more direct benefits than the purely altruistic ones. You can save your own time and money by resolving to spend just half as much of each on the things you would otherwise spend figuring out what to buy for people, buying it, wrapping it, and getting it to them (including lame gifts, cheesy giftwrap, idiotic Hallmark cards, toxic booze, and really unhealthy foods). You'll also reap tons of free time in January - the time you would otherwise spend whining, and if Billy's still bummed, remember that you can make a bong out of any good-sized melon and two plastic drinking straws (schematics in the next issue of the Herald - stay tuned).

Well, that's it for now. If you follow my advice, you won't have any reasons to whine about the holidays. If you don't, well... that's your prerogative. Just don't come whining to me.

Christmas Traditions

[although this article is about religion, it really is very good, and not boring at all. Please read it. You know, there are lots of cool things about religion like sodomy. And nuas. So please read. -ed]

Christmas is a time of peace, joy to the world and goodwill to all men. Or so they say. The thing is, many people hate Christmastime, because of the commercialism, the family obligations, and all that goddamn Christmas cheer. Who really wants to go to another badly produced Christmas pageant? Who really likes eggnog, or intense shopping, or Christmas morning services at church? And who, I ask who, actually enjoys singing Christmas carols?

Luckily, there are Christmas-time traditions other than the typical modern North American ones we generally celebrate that are far more interesting. So this Christmas, rather than do the boring old "Christian" thing I'll not even going to speculate what that might be -ed], why not make sculptures out of yak butter?

Winter Solstice

Winter solstice celebrations are heard on the shortest day of the year, December 21st. The druids in Scotland celebrated this day because it signalled the return of the sun god, as the days get longer after the solstice. Solstice was celebrated by heathens, and Christmas was placed on the 25 in an effort by the not-at-all-oppressive-on-God-no church, to replace the pagan holiday. But being a heathen is fun, because Winter Solstice is traditionally celebrated by dancing and singing around a big fire, and making as much noise as possible to wake up the Sun God. In other words, party like a maniac.

Feast of the Ass - Middle Ages Christmas Week, Hart House Farm -ed]

This festival involves bringing an ass into church, treating it as an honored guest, while having the entire congregation pray like asses, including the priests. The fun-loving good-natured church (I think that this is the same as the not-at-all-oppressive-on-God-no church -ed) suppressed it in the fifteenth century. God damn, how I'd like to see the pope act like an ass.

Butter Sculpture Festival - Buddhist New Year

To celebrate the New Year in Tibet, Buddhist monks create elaborate yak-butter sculptures depicting a different story or fable each year. The sculptures reach 30 feet high and are lit with special butter lamps. Awards are given for the best butter sculptures. Commonly heard phrase: "I can't believe it's butter!"

Night of the Radishes

In Oaxaca, Mexico, the introduction of radishes by the Spanish colonists is celebrated on December 23. Radishes in this area grow very large, but are twisted and deformed. The radishes are carved into elaborate scenes from the Bible, from history, and from the Aztec legends. But when sculpting edible root vegetables (like radishes or turnips) in the presence of relatives, always remember the wise words of Blackadder II, "Nothing will stop an inheritance like thingy-shaped turnip."

Hori-Kuyo - Japanese Festival of the Broken Needles

Buddhists hold this festival on December 8 in Japan, and anyone who sews may participate. A special shrine is made for the needles containing offerings of food and scissors and thimbles. A pan of tofu is the center of the shrine and all the broken and bent needles are inserted into it. As the needles go into the tofu, the sewer recites a special prayer in thanks for its fine service over the year. The needles find their final resting place at sea, as devotees everywhere wrap their tofu in paper and launch them out to sea.

Hanukkah

Most people have heard of Channukah, but don't know the story behind it. Well, here it is, in much abbreviated form. Hannukah celebrates Judas Maccabee's victory over Antiochus the Syrian 21,000 years ago. After the victory party, Judas and his followers, who had been driven out of Jerusalem by the Syrians, returned to their Temple, which they found had been desecrated by Antiochus. If that wasn't enough, there was also enough oil to light the Holy Light (which, like the Olympic flame, but having nothing to do with athletics, must never go out) for only one day, and it would take eight days to get new supplies of oil. (Talk about jonsing.) But, and herein lies the miracle, the oil lasted for eight days and eight nights.

Since then Jews have celebrated the miracle of the light as well as the miracle of the weak triumphing over the strong. They praise God for delivering believers in God out of the hands of the wicked. Each night of the festival, the family gathers around the menorah, a candelabrum that holds eight candles. One candle is lit each night until they are all lit, on the

Wallet-proof presents

By Suzanne Stephenson

At the moment, I have \$2.25 in my back pocket. I am somewhat comforted in the knowledge that I am not alone in being broke. Having no cash at Christmas is frustrating. Creative freeloader becomes an everyday occurrence. Many of you have fed me, smoked me, and encouraged me. I appreciate it more than you could imagine. In return, my cracking mind has devised some ideas for hideously cheap things to give to your friends this year. First, however, my thoughts quickly derail..... I love to personalize the gifts I bestow. Adding a sense of humor (crazed as it may be) to this time of year is essential. You'll need a bit of time for some of these creations, which is tough to squeeze in at the moment, but hey, that stranger known as sleep is certainly not hanging around right now.

I often feel as though I am about eight years old. Acting like a kid again is such fun. Making gifts brings a warm, rewarding feeling. Getting messy can be euphoric. I like to mess. Papier mache will leave your apartment looking hideous and it's a great way to spend a few afternoons actively procrastinating. It needs to dry for at least 24 hrs. before being painted. Get a lot of newspaper, ripped into ruler (30cm kid kind) length strips, some balloons, cardboard, and plastic bags. Mix flour, sugar and H2O together in a big bowl. Run around searching out true artsies and inooch some paint. Get stoned. Dip into the goo and go nuts. Masks, alien heads, purple people eaters. Slurpy, and manatees are great to hang from your ceiling. Use your imagination while you waste more time! For an added touch, turn your creations into pinatas. Breaking the pinata reflects the impermanence of things (besides relieving stress through aggression), and you get candy, candy candy!

In the event that you have a special friend who is stressed out, take a book out of the library on massage techniques. Purchase an inexpensive bottle of scented oil and give them the full body treatment (interpret that any way you want) Baking is always appreciated, and timely for the munchies. (If you come into some unexpected cash, check out Renata's shortbread recipe) Treat a friend to a full-stred, home made, nutritionally balanced meal and you will be revered as a deity. If you are feeling exceptionally generous (or insane) offer to clean someone's apartment.

If you have friends who smoke, learn ashtrays from the establishments you frequent and paint them in interesting ways. As we have learned in 217, you can never have enough ashtrays in an apartment. Making jewelry for people is entertaining as well. Sandalwood beads are especially nice. Creating friendship bracelets for people is an added way to put off responsibilities. Embroidery thread is dirt cheap and you can play around with different designs. Get high and have a bong making night. Apparently fruit bongs are quite effective. An apple and some tubing and a bowl do the trick.

In the event that you have an entire day to spend avoiding necessity, have a dollar store day! Run madly to a variety of discount stores and buy strange things like inflatable dinosaurs and silly putty. Finally, when that \$2.25 in your pocket turn into \$0.25, give someone a great



Tis' the season to be merry (and cold)

The Santa Claus Parade: From a different Perspective

By Seda Nanorian

I looked out my window and what did appear, but a miniature sled and eight tiny reindeer. And that's the truth!

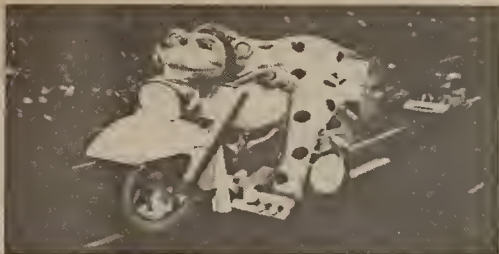
On November 19th, 1995, the Santa Claus Parade celebrated its 90th anniversary in a bigger than ever bash... and I had birds-eye seats. Living above a store right on Bloor Street, I celebrated my own personal 2nd anniversary of the Santa Claus Parade by removing our apartment windows and dangling vicariously over Bloor St. with a camera, yelling greetings to parade participants. If you thought the floats were a sight, you should have looked up to the pajama-clad twenty-one year old kid blowing bubbles out the window, desperately trying to get Santa's attention!

As I said, this year was Toronto's 90th annual celebration of the time-honoured Santa Claus Parade. Children and their parents were eagerly setting up blankets on the street at 9:30 in the morning for a 1:00 pm parade. An estimated 1.1 million people lined the streets for the 5.7 kilometer long parade which started at Christie and Bloor. Needless to say, this was not the best day for frustrated drivers and pedestrians desperately trying to get across Bloor St. I couldn't even open our front door.

True to the times, the Parade keeps getting bigger. The participants keep growing in number, the floats become more and more extravagant, and the costumes continue to challenge one's imagination. Although a number of the floats from last year were used again (in poor taste for the 90th anniversary), the show brought a number of newcomers too. One special group that I know wasn't around last year was the six or seven tinsel-less protesters that slipped into the parade carrying hand made cardboard signs skating "Santa doesn't visit sidewalk grates", "Harris would make Scrooge blush" and "Harris - the Grinch who stole Christmas". Not surprisingly, the majority of viewers were upset over this interruption, booing and heckling the protesters for ruining a children's event. Now that's a sign of the times!

After the two hour magical procession of 20 floats featuring nursery rhymes and children's fantasies, marching bands and grown men in animal costumes, the Santa Claus Parade came to an end. Santa's float, always the most popular, which was introduced in 1953, is the only original float left of the historic parade. Once again, the day was a definite success for young and old alike and a tradition I'm sure will continue to grow.

One last social commentary from an environmental studies major... the litter left on the street once everything was said and done was really quite disappointing. With the broad generation of knowledge between the kindergarten kids and their 'older and wiser' parents, I expected a little better.



Good Places for Toke a Bonging

(Sorry, that's tobogganing)

Let's face it, winter is cold and long. So, I like to make the best of certain aspects of the long, cold wintry days where I just get too stoned to do my homework. Sometimes winter gets to the best of us; even I, who can stare at a crack on the ceiling with more interest than I give my Shakespeare prof, go stir-crazy after a week inside. One of the absolutely best way to rid yourself of the Stuck-at-home-with too-much-snow-on-the-ground-to-play-ultimate-frisbee Blues is to smoke a really big joint and go play in that cold white stuff (snow, I mean. Yeah.)

One really fun winter sport is tobogganning. You can get cheap toboggans at Honest Ed's, and another safe bet for a range of quality and price is Canadian Tire. The long kind with the curved front end is good for lots of people and lasting dependability, but I gotta say... those concave plastic discs made by just about any cheasy exporter of such gizmos are the most fun for lone runs down bumpy hills (you can really catch some air). And if you're really cheap, garbage can lids are acceptable, too.

Within a sensible range of U. of T. are a variety of good (well, fair) hills for those braving the chill. Christie Pits, at Bloor and Christie, is a man-made reservoir that now stands empty. The slopes are best around the north east corner, watch out for the outfield posts around the baseball diamond (my cousin once concussed himself by wrapping himself around one of them backwards) and if you find yourself meandering southwards then watch out for the posts of the soccer nets. (Stoner tip: lots of pigs, steer clear of conspicuous assholes when participating in semi-spontaneous combustion). Another good thing to remember is that Bickford (the adult's high school) directly facing the pits on Bloor St. has its own park behind it to the south with passable shortish (therefore short to climb up again) straight steep hills. These are the inclines you see if you are approaching on Harbord.

Surrounding Spadina at St. Clair are the beginnings of a few ravines that all have good places to slide on your sled. Personally, I prefer the park just south east of the intersection, but there are lots of little kids and their families at peak toboggan times, so you can't hotbox the hill during the day on weekends. The other thing you have to remember is that there are actually cleared trails around these ravines, so you can't slide too blindly. Still, I give you ten points for hitting snooty old women with their poodles. It is pretty close to Forest Hill, after all. There are two places I'd like to suggest if you've got a car. (And if you're intending on altering your state of consciousness, do it in the car... preferably at a standstill. It is safer, easier because you can take your gloves off, and much, much, much warmer). Anyway, Leaside High School, at the south east corner of Bayview and Eglinton has a really good double hill. It's also too scary for the really little ones, so this is often a decent place for larger gatherings of your larger tobogganning friends. There's also a McDonalds and a Beekers right there for when you get the munchies. The other place is High Park (need I say more?). This park is brimming with toboggan potential so make this one a day, not a couple of hours. Bring a thermos/flask of whatever warms your bones the best, an extra couple of layers, smoke a doobie and enjoy the beauty of your surroundings. Easily located on the Bloor subway line and too big to be crowded, High Park rates pretty well on my in-list.

Just remember, sometimes when you're playing in the snow you can get awful cold without realizing it. Keep your nuts on. Even if there's no filter and you have to chuck a good size roach away.

Winter Bloody Winter

by Damian Tarnopolsky

Grrr. My son, that was my teeth cracking. Son, show me a person who likes winter and I will show you an invalid with smelly gums. I will. I know one. Remember what happened to Uncle Fred at the circus? Well, listen, it is time for you to become a man, to leave your childish friends with their foolish leopard-skin undies, and face the seasons. On behalf, then, of a united mingling of hedonists, fruit-baiters and devotees of Osiris, I will tell you, my boy, from on high why winter is so bloody awful.

SAD. This is a disease, and acronyms, as you'd know if you learnt anything except for pinko lefty egalitarianism at that 'university' of yours, are bloody scary. The acronym SAD is scary enough itself, what with all the connotations of just not being happy. You want to be happy, don't you son? Then stop scratching yourself and listen. Good. And no one gets SAD in the summer, except for mad people.

Spain. This is not a disease, but it is salutary news that while Spain suffered forty years of Francis' dictatorship, it didn't snow once. At least not in the hot bits. Which all goes to show, that even while you can stomp on individual liberty, stop people kissing in the streets and tell them that they love you, bloody winter is so superciliously derisive of all we hold dear boy that it will deny to sanctify nasty acts with its awful absence, as if to say "I'm winter, and I'm not here, just to support this fucker's pretence that it's ok to hurt young warm weather friends". Bastards. Anyway.

If on a winter's night a traveller came to the door, well, of course they wouldn't let him in. They'd be wrapped up in the hearth, roasting each other's chestnuts and scythes, generally trying to keep the icicles from nipping at their nipples, as icicles are so bloody wont to do. No, boy, there are no icicles in summer. Winter, discontented bloody winter, will get you every bloody time. And as, you can see, our poor traveller is shaking his feet just to keep them from seizing up or turning green, and no one's coming to the door. "Tell them I kept my word" he says. "Tell them I came". Listen matey, no one cares, it's bloody snowing. No one's listening in winter. Winter is awful, then, because it wants to kill poetry. Bring me the sea, my love, in winter I'm not here to receive it. So winter wants to kill romance too.

In the bleak midwinter, all because of pomegranate seeds (what's that all about? Pomegranate seeds? It's cold...), six months of possible warm spry lingering in loose clothes is wasted. All because of bloody Pluto. Nothing bloody grows in winter, so winter is nasty to farmers too. Yes, farmers, and you want to be a farmer, don't you? Yes, you do. You do. So hate bloody winter. If you wake me, make it around when

Innis.F.Y.I.

Everything you need to know about local Bike Shops

(Just because it's winter doesn't mean you can't ride!)

by Crash 'n Burn

Well, winter is finally upon us. However, many of us still like to ride our bikes and, unfortunately, many of us will require, at one time or another, parts and service for our faithful 2-wheeled companions. Here is my impression of some local bike shops:

Curbside Bike Repair (412 Bloor St. W.) 920-4933
Curbside provides fairly speedy repairs. Their staff is by and large friendly and helpful, especially Dave. The owner is a cheap bastard which tends to mean that most of their parts are low-end and you can probably find better deals elsewhere. You are best off avoiding dealing with him. For the student looking for a cheap way to get around, Curbside sells (and buys) inexpensive second-hand wheels, as low as \$50.

Flat fix charge: \$13

Cycle Courier Bike Parts (Queen and Beverly)
I couldn't find them in the albeist old phone book I'm using. Their prices are somewhat low, but not that good in relation to their quality. As scientifically demonstrable as everything else in this article is, I'm somewhat unable to accurately describe this shop. They don't necessarily suck, but they're not perfect. I'm non-plussed, really, but the Bike Ranch is fairly close by and by far leaves a better stain on my brain.

Flat fix: like I'm going to look up their number in another phone book to find out.

Cycle Path (243 Davenport Rd.) 324-1155

Cycle Path has a few other locations, but this one is closest to downtown. These guys are really nice and discriminating in their parts selection. Their prices seem to be average for the better end bike shops.

I've been to another of their locations where the staff was also commendably helpful.

Flat fix charge: \$10-13 (depending on tube, front or rear wheel)

Dave Fix My Bike (139 Robert) 944-2453

You'll sometimes see this guy set up shop along Bloor St. during the warm weather. I don't know a lot about his level of skill, having only been to him once, but he seems OK. He will pickup and deliver your bicycle (I'm not sure whether this involves a fee, although I presume it does). His prices for service are good. For those who prefer dealing with individuals rather than stores this is probably the way to go.

Flat fix charge: \$10

Duke's (625 Queen St. W.) 504-613

Generally high-end stuff, but they have some mid-range and second-hand stuff too. Sometimes you have to wait at the service counter for a long time, but they're pretty good.

Flat fix charge: \$11-13

Mountain Equipment Co-op (35 Front St. E.) 363-0122

Not a bike shop, per se, but once you've paid the \$5 membership, you will have access to cheap (well, the prices

have been going up the last few years, but they have everywhere else too (damn yuppies!)) bike clothing, outdoor gear, and clothing, and some bike parts (tubes and fenders, for instance). The staff are almost always to busy, however.

Pedlar Cycles (452 Avenue Rd.) 968-7100

These guys are really expensive. However, their parts are good quality, their staff helpful, and if you do buy something from them you can count on them backing what they sell. I haven't dealt with them much because they are generally too pricey but I presume they can afford to hire good mechanics.

Flat fix charge: \$16

Sports Swap (2045 Yonge St.) 481-0249

If you're shopping for a nice bike, these guys have a good selection and their prices are better than most. As the name implies, they also deal in second-hand bikes, though their range is higher than Curbside or the Bike Ranch. They are too far for most people to go for service.

Flat fix charge: \$11

The Bike Ranch (216 Adelaide St. W.) 595-1576

I can't say too many good things about the staff here. Prices are low, service high. Many, maybe most of Toronto's couriers regularly come here for service. Reba and the rest will give you the straight shit and won't rip you off. They also deal in second-hand bikes. It's a little further than some other shops, but worth the trip. Actually, it's not far at all.

Flat fix charge: \$9-10

CINSSU REPORT:

Y' It's a Pr'chard Reigen a' Town Hall

We live in a political world. Bob Dylan's truth rings stronger today than ever before. The globe is spinning through the most unstable air since the dawn of time. We all can sense the shaky, unpredictable vibe whirling about the lithosphere. Innis College's newspaper is under stress as it shifts editors and loses staff. The interest on our debts could pay for four years of tuition. Harris is cutting education. Quebec is falling from the country. War is gaining strength in the East. The ozone is burning away... [This is a lot like a movie. Those CINSSU people are great! - ed.]

A wise man once told me that "the only thing constant in life is change".

Not on Friday nights.

If you are one of the 6 billion people who would like to experience some stability in life, come to Innis' Town Hall every Friday at 7:00pm. We have to break for Christmas, but we can wait until January. Call me if you need to talk.

Like the Earth, CINSSU is starting off with a bang in the New Year, screening *Naked Lunch* on January 12th, and *Dr. Strangelove* on January 19th. It's free and its stable. Bring your mom, bring a date, or just come alone - don't think twice, it's alright - everybody must be by themselves sometimes. The answer, my friend, is showing at the Inn. [We take no credit for that joke - ed.]

Bowling, Anyone?

Innis is hosting a bowling night!

Where: Meet in the Innis Pit

When: 8:00 p.m., January 19

Who: All Welcome

Why: Why not?

Hey You!

INNIS COLLEGE HAS AN AUTHENTIC CANADIAN ROAD HOCKEY LEAGUE.

It's cool, so sign the hell up if you want to have a blast. Teams will be selected by the organizers. This is a club for fun, so leave most of the testosterone in home. Sign up if it will be positive on the chips board.

New Addiction That's Great For Students!

Students, especially university students, are the most stressed out people I've met in my almost twenty years of living. Now you may of heard this claim made before, but I truly have found the answer!!! The solution is 5,000 years old and involves almost 8,000 postures. The word is YOGA. Yoga comes from the Sanskrit word for yoke, or union. Traditionally, yoga is a system of philosophy designed to encourage a union between the body, the spirit, and the universe. So what does this have to do with stress and students?

Today Yoga is used in fitness clubs and community centres and is hardly ever termed 'weird' or 'new age' although it may have been about ten years ago. Physical health instructors, even some doctors, are now noticing the unavoidably real physical, mental, and emotional benefits of yoga.

The principles of the practice are simple; body awareness and alignment, proper breathing, flexibility, strength and achieving a connection between mind and body. These are the things that we as students don't often think about while we sit in lecture or rush to the next class, but it's amazing what a little focusing can do. Yoga trains you to listen to your body - it's not easy. Paying attention to you body's needs demands that you sleep when you are tired, eat when you are hungry, and relax when things get hectic. But you and I both know that when we have 4 essays to write in one night this becomes difficult. This is where yoga comes in.

Yoga creates connection between your body and mind that is so powerful it can not be ignored. Working ourselves to the point where we pass out from exhaustion is not healthy. But now I don't do it anymore. Listening to your body means loving yourself and loving yourself means feeding your physical emotional and mental needs. Yoga teaches you to pay attention to those needs. My grades have improved, my understanding has improved, and my overall outlook on life and school has improved. I can laugh again! (Even when I realize the Newspaper deadline is in two hours) You still don't believe me? Well, when my roommate began, she could barely reach her knees, now she can reach the floor. Her biceps are huge and her stomach is flat—who said a little stretching is not a work out? But it doesn't stop there. Yoga helps circulation and breathing (yes, even I, a smoker, can now hold my breath without a problem!) In the words of my teacher Helen Goldstein, "Doing yoga is like taking a hose and flushing out your body, pumping blood into an area that may have been congested or blocked." And if all this isn't enough to convince you that yoga is worth the time, just look at the society around you.

Helen started *The Yoga Studio*, conveniently located across from the medical arts building, about six months ago and it's already off to a great start. There isn't just a yoga boom, there is an explosion she calls it "the workout of the nineties". What more could people want but something that relieves stress, relaxes the body, and tones muscles all at the same time. Yoga isn't just about granola, its the perfect way to change your life. Most of the people who come for classes are the "walking wounded", people who need to relax in a profound way, and who could need that more than university students, especially Innis ones? The increasing popularity mirrors an important change in the way people live. People are becoming more concerned with their mental and physical health.

But here's the thing: we're young and we should be using this time to start improving our way of life now. We are entering a new millennium—that's the most stressful part of this situation, lets be prepared. Our degrees will mean nothing if we aren't mentally, physically, and spiritually healthy.

I've been taking classes for only three months, but I am addicted for life.

Types of Yoga

KRIPALU: Combines physical activity with mental rest. Involves meditation and motion. Aim is to integrate the body, the mind and the spirit.. Ideal for all ages and physical conditions.

RAJA: Aspires mental calmness, balance and equilibrium. Calms the mind through internal awareness and meditation.

ASHTANGA: Often called "power yoga". Postures are taught as part of a series which gets the heart rate up. Synchronizes breathing and movement.

SPIRITED WORKOUT: Aerobic yoga. Combines traditional yoga postures, aerobic exercises, muscle toning and dance. Works muscles while they are being lengthened and stretched. A challenge to all athletes!

VANDA SCARAVELLI: An approach to yoga that works with gravity by creating a stable base from which the spine can lengthen, moving with the wave-like action of the breath.

FLOW YOGA: is the art of ecstasy. Based on the Tantric principle of following the body's flow of energy to unlock and release deep rooted stress, it uses yoga postures, breath, awareness, and centering to achieve a state of health.

MEDITATION IN MOTION: uses sound, movement, breath, stillness, and awareness of energy to arrive at a meditative state.

.. Innis.. Carols ..

Sing Along with Dave Lazar's "A Separatist Christmas"

Oh Come All Ye Faithful

Oh come all ye, faithful
Sovereign Quebecers
Oh come ye, Oh come ye
to Gatineau.

Some bad Harley's angel
Want to hurt old Lucien
Oh come let us protect him!
Oh come let us protect him
Come let us protect him
in Gatineau.

Bring bikes and big guns
They really want to hurt him
A ruined face and hair do
in Gatineau

Please bring your mother,
your sister and your brother
And bring a little whisky,
Oh, bring a little whisky
Please bring a little whisky
to Gatineau.

Lucien Bouchard's 'Away in a Manger

I want my own own country
to lay my lost limb
Where good French will prosper
and English is sin.
For tourtiere and pea soup
all laden with ham
Is better than rye bread
with butter and spam

Winter Wonderland

Poll bells ring, are you listening?
Half the province is glistening,
Democracy bites, we're sovereign
tonight,
Stick your referendum in the sand.

In the Gaspé we can build a treehouse,
And make believe that we can run the town,
You'll say, "Mr. Speaker can you hear us?"
And I'll slip on that silly little gown.
Later on we'll conspire,
With our treehouse on fire,
We don't really care there's no majority
there,
You can stick your referendum in the sand.

Frosty the Snow Man

Bouchard the front man
for the separatist soul
With a big blue stripe
and a power pose
and two eyes as black as coal.

Down the St. Lawrence,
on banks of gravel sand
He ran for life
and liberty
from a vastly Anglo land.

Then one foggy polling day
Chretien came to say,
Bouchard, with your losing fight
You cannot take Quebec tonight.



This is not Dave Lazar, it is J. Browne, principal

Oh how the PM snubbed him,
and chuckled at his growing fame,
Bouchard the separatist front man.
One leg or two - he's lame.

Chestnuts

Anglos roasting on an open fire,
Chretien's nipping at my nose
You'll be fine if you've got a French sign,
and a stylish edge to your clothes.

White Christmas

I'm dreaming of a lite Christmas
Skinless turkeys are a go,
The menu's leaner than a tofu weiner
And we can all be fat-free in the snow
Yes I'm dreaming of lite Christmas
Santa's dropped a couple pounds
May your days be low-cal delight
And may all your Christmas' be lite.

The Little Drummer Boy

Here me clearly Pa rum pum pum pum
Ethnic minority Pa rum pum pum pum
My name is Parizeau
Pa rum pum pum pum
rum pum pum pum rum pum pum pum
You say I'm crazy Pa rum pum pum
pum
You vote against me Pa rum pum pum
pum
You keep Quebec from me Pa rum pum
pum pum
rum pum pum rum rum pum pum pum

It makes me ornery Pa rum pum pum
pum
Bring me my Zig Zags Pa rum pum
pum pum
So I can roll my drum

Here Comes Santa Clause

Here comes Parizeau,
Here comes Parizeau,
Right down Parizeau lane.

Don't believe him
He's not Santa
They never were the same
The beard is fake
The smile is worn
There aren't any gifts in that sack.

I've seen him make
A country torn
And I'm not sure he can come back.

REPEAT CHORUS

Look for these other separatist hits: Jingle
Bell Bloc, Parizeau is dreaming of a white
(Franco) Christmas, Vote 'oui' ye Merry
Gentlemen

Sex Pistols sign to Epitaph

Ignite With Glitter and Swank

By Naomi Freeman

The Conscience Pilate
"Never For You" 12" single
 (Fading Ways Music)

This is by far the best 12" single that the *Herald* has received for review in the last two years. This is '80s new-wave glam-pop at it's finest; the sound is akin to the first couple of Platinum Blonde records — it's clean and flawlessly-produced and generates the energy of a first boy-kiss. Best of all, it's a Canadian pop 12" single with three different songs on it — no dub, pub or dance remixes necessary 'cause the songs are all perfect!

Formed in April of this year, The Conscience Pilate played their first show at the Gasworks and will be playing on (check 'em out, GTC).

Give all your '80s-pop and glam-goth friends this black-covered, black-vinyl'd, black-hearted Toronto rarity for Christmas their non-dominational holiday blues. Or just give 'em coal. Coming soon: the Conscience Pilate ACRYLIC FLAG...seriously! Viva la vinyl!

Eric's Trip
Lee's Palace
November 28th, 1995

The week of Nov. 18 Eric's Trip rolled into Toronto for two shows; one at the Horseshoe Tavern on the 16th and an all-ages matinee show at Lee's Palace on the 28th. The foursome brought along Orange Glass as the opening act. The Lee's show started around two in the afternoon with Oran

This could be due partly to the fact that they had played really late in Kitchener the night before. Sloppiness aside, they still were not a very original band: they had the typical Halifax sound, kind of a mix between Eric's Trip and Sloan, except simpler. The three-piece could not seem to hold the crowd's attention at all. For a matinee show I was surprised at the amount of people that turned out, however the fact that it was all-ages probably explains it. Eric's Trip hit the stage after Orange Glass' 45-minute set. The crowd immediately got excited as they started into "New Love". They played almost every song off their first CD release *Forever Again*. Surprisingly the crowd was into the music and not just

the scene, there were no sports-alternative wanna-be's who would rather beat the hell out of people than to listen to the music.

Eric's Trip is the epitome of indie music in Canada; more people should be supporting such fine Canadian talent. Although they are signed to ultra-hip SubPop they have remained true to their fans



Natalie Merchant's new stuff but way less interesting. One thing that kind of

sic to study to, but I definitely would not sit down to listen to them. However, this is just my opinion (I'm not a big fan of soft rock), and I'm sure there are many people that would enjoy this type of music. Their style could be compared to

The main act OLPeace is a popular new Canadian band out of the Toronto area. OLP have gained a great deal of popularity with their debut CD *Naveed*. The CD includes about six big hits which have taken OLP to extravagant heights in only a short time. Expectation might have been high, but rightly should be as OLP shelled out a lackluster performance. A lack of togetherness and energy were the faults in their fast songs like "The Birdman" and "Supersatellite", but their slow songs were not too bad. They played a few new and upcoming tracks, but none of them really got my juices flowing. All in all though, it was a decent performance.

Tripping Daisy, a new American band that has just popped up in the music scene tripped and fell flat on their faces. From their current album TD played the two big hits "I Got A Girl" and "Piranha", and these with a number of their other songs tallied to

CHRISTMAS SUCKS! (WHEN YOU'RE BROKE)

On Saturday December 9, Project 9 and Unikunstmusica present an entire day of fun where you can help out the Redwood Woman's Shelter all at once. Yes, that's right, you can celebrate the end of classes by attending one or both of two wicked shows while showing your Christmas support for a good cause. On Saturday afternoon (door 2:30 p.m.), an all-ages show is scheduled for Lee's Palace featuring Grasshopper, (introducing) Los Cholos, Radioblaster, Catch Veronica, Hockey Teeth, Spooky Ruben, Project 9, and Noah from HHead for only \$3 - Cheap!!! The evening (door 8:30) licensed show features Bass is Base, Y.A.P., Plains of Fascination, Lovebomber, Malhavoc, Stumpy Godhead, Project 9, and the Pariahs and is once again only three bucks! What a steal!

So go out and support the Redwood Women's Shelter by seeing one or both of the shows and enjoy the diverse musical selection, it will be good fun for all.

a big, lumpy piece of shit!!! Not only was the music bad, but

and their music by releasing seven inches almost every other month and by keeping their sound lo-fi. Eric's Trip was amazingly tight and rolled through all their hits from *Love Tara* as well as *Forever Again*. Even when guitarists Chris and Mark both broke strings they kept on going. The energy that they exude keeps the crowd hyped up. Eric's Trip are not only wicked musicians who come up with new and innovative material they are entertainers that keep the crowd into the show for then entire time they are on stage. As the show came to a conclusion, ET tore through two songs that were awesome. I have come to the conclusion that they are one of the best bands in Canada — the only sad thing is that they are hardly known. This was only the second time I've seen Eric's Trip and they did not disappoint me — it was an amazing show that should not have been missed.

Christopher Lam

Rare Indeed CD
 (Independent)

Rare Indeed is a six-member Toronto-based band who describe themselves as "uplifting acoustic rock". They recently released their first full-length self-titled CD, a mix of acoustic and soft rock. The ten songs that they included are okay songs; however, I found it very hard to listen to the entire album in one go. I think their style of music would be great background mu-

annoyed me was a lack of dynamics — all their songs sounded similar — boring — and they have pretty much the same tempo and timing, and the last third of the CD was like listening to the first two.

I have to admit, though, that these guys have amazing voices but their harmonies are overdone. Three of the band members are listed as lead vocalists, I think this is why there are sooooo many harmonies. The production on the CD was great; too bad the music wasn't. I think there certainly is a market out there for Rare Indeed, their music appeals to middle-aged people like Brad's mom and people who listen to CHFI 98.1. In a way, I commend Rare Indeed on their commitment and dedication, as it very difficult to release an independent CD, but otherwise I think if they were really that good they would have been signed by someone by now.

Christopher Lam

Our Lady Offers Mediocre Peace
 Glueleg Trips Up the Daisy

Three bands set the stage on Friday, November 24 at the RPM Warehouse. An all-ages show including Glueleg, Tripping Daisy and headliners Our Lady Peace, it was mediocre at best, but three very different performances were given.

the light show to go along with it fucking sucked. It seemed like they thought they were playing in a big stadium by flashing out shitty, blinding lights, when in reality, they were only in the sweaty, jockish, testosterone-filled ogre realms of the RPM Warehouse. TD tried to satisfy the crowd by altering the lyrics to "Piranha" — instead of saying "look out for piranha", they said "look out for Toronto". This gay alteration, although, was good self-advise because next time they come, they better watch out because we're gonna kick their ass! *Tripping Daisy sucks shit!!!*

The openers seemed to steal the show all the way. Glueleg is another band that has just jumped on the ever-growing list of young Canadian independent artists. GL's music, however, is truly differentiated from anyone else as they combine hard, aggressive guitars with jazzy saxophone horns. This interesting concept went well with the crowd as GL rocked! They played a tight, loud show — keep a lookout for these guys in the future.

Vinay Bhalla

Single, well-aged, jazz-singing feline princess seeks home. Her owner has moved house and the new neighbours only listen to Kenny G. If your quartet is feeling lonely and needs an extra member (making it a quintet), this wonderful pussy is up for grabs. I only wish I could keep her. If you are able to give her at least a tidier room than mine, and lots of love. Please leave a message at 599-2132

Innis wins Division II Rugby Final

Pisser

by Jing-Ling Kao

After finishing the regular season with a 4-2 record, good for first place overall, the Innis Rugby team took to the field on Saturday November 18 against St. Mike's.

The first half of the game was almost completely dominated by



Innis. Innis completely shut down any attempts by St. Mike's to move the ball. Kurt Magney and Richard Bobbis unloaded punishing hits on SMC backs. Despite this complete domination of play Innis was only able to score one try in the first half. Melting snow and a light rain meant both a slippery ball and treacherous field conditions.

At half time Innis lead 5-0. Despite having the lead, Innis seemed a little disappointed not to be up by more. Aaron Magney tried to pump up the team by making one of his legendary pep talks. Like most of Aaron's pep talks it didn't seem to work very well.

Innis came up a little bit flat in the second half. St. Mike's adjusted their game at half time, realizing that they would not be able to run the ball on the bigger, stronger and faster Innis team. They adopted a strategy of kick and chase the ball. Fortunately, the Innis fullback Derek Stephens responded well and was usually able to fend off two or three oncoming SMC players. With about ten minutes gone in the second half St. Mike's scored to tie the game and then missed the kick.

Almost immediately Innis came back and began to move the ball up the field. Andy "I saw the light of day" Ling broke three tackles before he was brought down near the SMC twenty two yard line. Andy's run pumped the rest of the team up and Innis began to once again take control of the game.

On a Herculean effort by Kurt Magney with about 8 minutes to go Innis regained the lead for good. Kurt burned around the corner and headed towards the goal line. Just as it appeared as though Kurt was going to be tackled by two SMC players, Kurt collided with a teammate. As a result of the collision Kurt was able to break the tackle and go in for the try. Innis went on to defeat SMC by a final score of 10-5 to become 1995 Division II Rugby champions.

To show just how much of an accomplishment this championship was: this was the first Intramural championship for Innis in at least 4 years; Innis has not had a rugby team since 1991 and more than half the team had never played rugby before. With 95% of the team returning next year the future of rugby at Innis looks pretty bright.

Innis Rugby: The Mulock Cup

The Mulock Cup, besides being the oldest football cup in the country is the award given to the winner of an exhibition game played between the winners of Division I and Division II in Intramural Rugby. This game is played according to Division I fifteen side rules, as opposed to division II twelve aside rules. The Division II team, is given an opportunity to draft more players from other teams to field a fifteen-a-side squad.

This year, due to the astounding success of Innis rugby, and their triumph the day before over St. Mike's in the Division II championships, they faced off against Scarborough for the coveted Cup. The game began with Innis short handed. Three of the fifteen Innis players had gotten stuck in the Santa Claus parade.

Scarborough quickly scored by moving the ball out to the wing, where they had a four on one advantage. After Scarborough made the convert to make it 7-0, the missing three players came on to the field. Innis was now at full strength, but there was still some uncertainty as to who was playing where. Scarborough scored another try making it 14-0. After figuring out that Jing Ling Kao and Paul Ruthor, a St. Mike's draftee were going to play flanker, Innis began to play like they had all season.

The Scarborough team then began to trash-talk our team, and were warned and penalized by the referee for doing so. The Innis rugby team has throughout the season tried, and succeeded, to display tact, grace and sportsmanship on and off the field. This display of poor manners was upsetting to several members of the team and to many spectators as well. Near the end of the first half there were a few tussles and minor skirmishes. Taking advantage of these penalties Innis began to move the ball up the field. Just before the half Innis almost scored as Andy Ling tried to run through three defenders. The half ended with the Scarborough team leading 19-0.

In the second half the unsportsmanlike play of Scarborough continued. At one point an Innis player, Richard Bobbis was punched twice in the head by a Scarborough player. This showed poor judgment because Richard could have easily snapped the puncher like a twig. The offending player was ejected from play. Shortly after this incident another Scarborough player was ejected for kicking a downed Innis player. As time wound down Innis continued to play hard, and their persistence and effort was rewarded with a try in the dying seconds of the game to make it 19-5.

Scarborough won the Mulock Cup but Innis displayed great heart and determination. Scarborough also annihilated most of their opponents in Division I this season, so the score was something that the Innis team can be proud of.

Every player on the field for Innis played an essential role in every game this season. Congratulations to the 1995 Division II Champions: Richard Bobbis, Brad Chambers, Steve Deveaux, Eugen Earnshaw-Whyte, Ben Greenhouse, Brian Kennedy, Dave Kim, Andy Ling, Aaron Magney, Kurt Magney, Jean-Paul Marmoreo, Len McKee, William O'Higgins, Derek Stephens, with special guest appearances by: Andrew Houghton Piers Johnson, Jing-Ling Kao, Mark Schmidt, Joel Schuster and Pete Smith.

W. N. O'Higgins

This slacker attitude is really starting to fucking piss me off. Take it as personal pride, school spirit, whatever old fashioned label that seems to fit, but when I am the only person on a team who shows up for a game it's pretty damn humiliating! I am taking the effort, perhaps needlessly (like everything else I do) to express myself in writing. I figure it's a lot safer for myself and the people around me if I chose not to act on my first instinct to throw my shoes at every moving target. Instead, I sit myself down in front of a really nice and expensive computer. I was tempted last week to write something after another defaulted game for which only me and one other person showed up. But I procrastinated, for one hour actually, at which point the angst had worn off.

I realize that these intramural games are always scheduled for a really shitty time slot (oh, I forgot, these are *women's* intermurals we're talking about) and everyone has a lot of school work to do on a Wednesday night. But one hour of semi-exertion (ie. exercise) is not going to hurt anyone. This same one hour, as I have already mentioned is what I can find myself wasting before I decide whether or not to do any work.

As this hour passes on I am feeling somewhat calmer and so I'll appeal to you with some of this innate female logic of mine. Imagine yourself as a bright-eyed and bushy-tailed (so to speak) frosh, full of verve and hope. You love playing sports and signed your name up on all those yellow intermural sheets (found in Innis college, on the bulletin board beside the pit) the first day they were put up. Wow, you think, look at all these cool sports I can play while I make friends, have fun and exercise! Ok, I'm exaggerating. I'm really not that bushy-tailed. My point is, that I am feeling extremely disillusioned.

I played on the Varsity Blues women's rugby team this fall and was used to committing over ten hours to getting sweaty, muddy and tired. Attendance at games, not to mention practice was never an issue. Albeit, this women's division I intramural volleyball team which no longer exists now that we have defaulted twice, is not a varsity team. We didn't even practice, have coaches or uniforms like some of the other keener teams. The only effort we would have had to make in order to have been successful was to show up for one game every week. Whether we won any games or not would not have been an issue. Our very first volleyball game was fun, even though it was already posted as a loss. The loss was due to a technicality in the intramural rules involving the number of players. Although we had six people on the court, one was a room mate recruited by a desperate phone call home at the last moment and another was a player borrowed from the opposing team. The other team kicked our collective asses in terms of points but I think we looked like we were having a hell of a lot more fun. Now if we had continued to show up for games and lost miserably everytime, I would not be writing this right now.

I also had the privilege to play with the Innis men's intramural rugby team a couple of times this fall. The guys had an extremely successful season, advancing to the intermural finals to play for the infamous Mulock Cup. They didn't seem to have a problem with attendance or enthusiasm. In fact, there were people who would have loved to have played for the team. Now, if only this energy could be harnessed....

In my state of disillusionment I realize that in the grand scheme of things, it doesn't matter that I looked dumb being the only person who showed up. Hmm... now I get it, I shouldn't have to care what other people think. Hmm. I guess in that case that I shouldn't care how bright eyed and bushy tailed I appear and continue to (perhaps) needlessly be the enthusiastic frosh (this year, anyways) that I am.

Ed, Note: If Innis had more enthusiasts like Jing, frosh or alumni, we wouldn't have to agree with her and print this article. Not that it's a bad article, it's great. May it arouse in you the same sense of shame in being slack and idle as it did me... and I even do shit around this college. Not much, but enough to know it's good to give good of Innis something back. Sorry, end of sermon.

Entertainment.

Edited by Andy Millar and the Craigster

To Die For

Starring Nicole Kidman, Matt Dillon, Beavis and Butthead, and Newmon

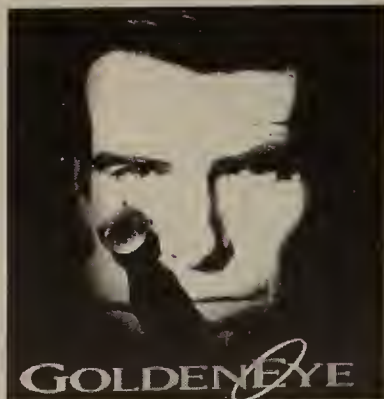
In *To Die For* Nicole Kidman plays the role of an unbelievably shallow weather reporter, obsessed with making it to the big time. For as she says, "You're not anyone in America, if you're not on TV." Her character is so shallow, she believes that Gorbachev would still be in power if he had gotten his characteristic birthmark removed. Even though I think Nicole's character was a bit far fetched, she did an excellent job of portraying her. Okay, enough said about Kidman; let's move on to the actors I thought stole the show: the high school kids who kill Matt Dillon's character. Oh yea, our weather correspondent gets her husband killed when he isn't completely behind her conquest of the television world. Back to the kids. These guys were the real life incarnations of Beavis and Butthead. I thought they were completely hilarious. I will illustrate. The two white trash murderers are being interrogated by the police. The cops say to one guy, "Your friend told us everything... blah, blah, blah... he said your dick was bigger than your brain." And in true Buttheadian fashion the delinquent excitedly responds, "heh heh, uhuh, did he really say that!" Another actor cast in the film was Seinfeld's Newman, who plays the station manager. Excellent choice, he fits the role well.

Unfortunately, the film was quite dull. I felt quite deceived due to the fact that the previews made *To Die For* seem like an action packed thriller, a la *BASIC Instinct* or *Fatal Attraction*. It was most certainly not even in the same league as these films. I think they spent too much time in portraying her shallow nature in numerous different situations. For me, this was not enough to keep me interested. I'm sure some of you will like this film; the characters were well written. It just needed something else. Don't go see it expecting a thriller as I did. You won't get it. Overall, I give it two and a half Exerts (out of five).

Andy Millar

Beavis & Butthead Quote of the Month

"Rock stars are cool... they just have to walk up to chicks and say GIMME SOME."
Beavis, 1995



copyright United Artists

Pierce Brosnan as the newest incarnation of James Bond

GOLDENEYE

Starring Pierce Brosnan

Goldeneye is the latest James Bond movie to hit the big screen. The James Bond movies of late have been moving away from the traditional Bond films of the past by containing much more destruction and inhuman stunts. Goldeneye is no exception. For some reason, this Bond movie tries to bring back the cold war between Russia and the United States. Several Russians plan to destroy major studies around the world including London. The weapons can only be set off from space by a key called the Goldeneye. In typical fashion, agent 007 is on a mission to stop the bad guys from destroying the world and making sure that the weapons are not launched. However, this Bond film has an element unlike any other; while trying to fend off the enemies, he meets a beautiful woman who he has an affair with. That's something we haven't seen before. This Bond film is by far the most unbelievable. The stunts performed in this movie were ridiculous. However, it did provide for an enormous amount of action. The most amazing and death defying action in the whole movie took place in the first scene. I thoroughly enjoyed this movie, even if it was a bit on the unbelievable side. It was full of non-stop action from start to finish. If you really enjoy seeing things get blown up then you will love this movie. Everything that Bond came into contact with eventually exploded. In order for a genuine Bond fan to really enjoy this movie, you have to put aside the fact that it is a Bond movie and sit back and enjoy the action.

By C.

CYBERSEX:

SAFER THAN ABSTINENCE (Tumbler 100)

Most people have heard of the term Cybersex before but unless you are a computer geek with no life, you probably don't participated in it too often. As they say, there's a first time for everything. You are probably asking yourself, what the hell is cybersex anyway? Well, cybersex can be defined as flirting in a very blunt sexual way with someone who you have never met and are often times unaware of their gender. That can be the scary part. They can say whatever they want about themselves as can you because you are talking under an assumed nickname which you pick for yourself. This can lead to hours of fun and pranks that you can play on your friends but I will talk more on that later. Your next question is probably, where would I begin to partake in this perverted act? All you need is a 486 or higher computer, a 14,400 modem or higher (or some sort of network card), a connection to Netscape and a dirty mind. Once on the "chat server" you have a number of options. Each server has several channels which each contain people talking about different topics. All you have to do is connect to the channel that interests you the most and join in the fun. I must warn you however that the names of these channels are not for the faint of heart. They can be pretty rude at times. On the other hand, this is what can make it interesting. There should be a topic for everyone's fetish. How does a typical cybersex conversation start? Once on the channel of choice you may start by introducing yourself. Lets say for argument sake that your nickname is Homica. You would start by saying something like, hello, anyone here homy? You would then most likely get several positive responses from the crowd. Whenever you say something to anyone or everyone, your nickname will be displayed beside your written text so that everyone knows who is talking. A unique feature on this chat service that can come in handy is the "whisper option". This lets you choose someone from the list of speakers to talk to and tell them something without everyone else seeing what you have typed. It is a form of privacy if you will. If you get really

lucky on the net, someone (hopefully who claims they are of your sexual preference) will request to speak one on one in a "private window". I know what your saying; this sounds pretty romantic. It can be very romantic, so guys make sure to put on your best cologne and girls, make sure to shave your legs because you could be in for the night of your life.

Well, after doing some research on this topic I decided to go on assignment. My goal was to see first hand just how gullible some people could be. I suppose you could also call it a really good prank. Let me set the scene for you. It was in the Innis Residence where this experiment was planned and carried out. I won't use any floor numbers, room numbers, or real names in order to protect the victims' true identities. However, I will use nicknames just so their friends can ridicule them some more. Disclaimer: Before I start to explain, I must admit that anyone who reads this will probably not find it nearly as funny as those directly involved. O.K., back to the story. It just so happens that where I live, we are fortunate enough to have two computers that are both capable of connecting to the same chat lines at the same time. It also happens that these two computers are at opposite ends of the suite. This also provides us with a great advantage in pulling off this prank successfully. The first step is to entice someone to chat on the computer by making it look really fun and interesting. Explain to them that they will meet hundreds of interesting people from around the world. (Mention Australia; that gets people really excited) Get your victim to start a friendly conversation with someone online. They will instantly be hooked by their fascination that they are talking to somebody thousands of miles away. Meanwhile, someone on the other computer down the hall joins the conversation. (Lets call this person Clown) O.K. So we have our victim; Homica and our prankster; Clown. Clown's next step is to start "whispering" some blunt remarks to Homica. This gets Homica disgusted yet intrigued. To make a long story short, the conversation eventually climbs up the raunchy ladder and is coming to a close. However, Clown must ask Homica where they are from. Clown's reply is whatever Homica's is. (Toronto) This is just a measure to freak out the victim. When you feel the time is right to drop the bomb on the awaiting victim, you may use the technique of your choice. The technique used on Homica was to simply come out and say "You are such a pervert...!!!" (insert full real name in the blanks) The reaction on the victims face would win you \$10,000 on America's Funniest Home Videos. This is the funniest prank that I have ever played on anyone in my life. So far, our victim count is at 2 and rising. The results just keep getting funnier and funnier. Watch out, you may be next!

By Clown.

Northwest Chille Plant: what the hell is it?

For those of you who frequent the beer store on Spadina Ave., maybe you are familiar with the building known as the Northwest Chille Plant. It is located on the corner of Spadina and Sussex, for those who don't know. It is a large rectangular building with few windows and one door. Obviously this is a university building because of its U of T sign on its well groomed front lawn. The question we pose to you, the intelligent Innis Herald reader, is what the hell goes on in there? We have several theories. It could possibly be a production facility for the massive amounts of chille consumed on campus. Another possible use would be a storage facility for countless codavers which are shipped underground by a series of tunnels and conveyor belts. Finally, our last theory is that the Northwest Chille Plant is a top secret alien experimentation laboratory, who work on innocent York University students and mate them with alien lifeforms.

In a future issue of the Herald, we are planning on expose on this building. To determine what actually goes on within the confines of this bizarre building, we will be going undercover on assignment. We will be posing as salsa tycoons from Texas. However in the meantime, we would like some of your feedback on this topic. If you have any explanations or theories, please drop them off at Innis College or email us at either andrew.millar@utoronto.co or crolg.clements@utoronto.ca

Thank you for your input on this important matter. Your feedback will be published in an upcoming issue of the Herald.

By Andy and Craig

Stay tuned to the Internet.

The Innis Herald Entertainment Page is going online. Within the next month you will be able to see the Innis Entertainment Home Page on the Web.

JARKKO'S TOP TEN

1. Mad Professor: "Ultimate Experience In Dub"- Ariwa
2. Aladdin: "Wash Up Yer Know"- BBC Radio One
3. Hypocrite: "Stepped Up"- Tone Def
4. Red F.U.K.: "It's A Dope Thang"- Bear Necessities
5. Spring Heel Jack: "Lee Parry Part One"- Rough Trade
6. The Fassilli Players: "Wonderful World of Weed" (LP)- Universal Egg
7. DJ Rap: "Burning Love"- Proper Talent
8. Mad Lion: "Real Thing Needed"
9. Barrington Levy: "Here I Come"- Greensleeves
10. Raggadeath: "Why Ask Why (Uncarnate Remix)"- Virgin

SUGAR DADDY MOTH'S TOP TEN

(he could only make it nine)

1. Mr. Bungle: "Disco Volante" (LP)- Warner
2. Fatboy Slim: "Santa Cruz"- Skint
3. Mothers of Invention: "We're Only In It for the Money" (LP)
4. Zeuxis & the Painter: "Blissed Out (Dubble Dipped Mix)"- Post Contemporary
5. Sabres of Paradise: "Wilmut 1"- Warp
6. Leonard Cohen: "The Best of..." (LP)- CBS
7. Sly & Robbie: "Reggae Greats - A Dub Experience"- Island
8. Underworld: "Rez"- Junior Boys Own
9. Suns of Arqa: "Acid Tabla"- Arka

Marijuana Shortbread Cookies: The Perfect Start For The Holiday Dinner

INGREDIENTS:

Butter
Icing sugar
Vanilla Extract
All Purpose Flour
Rice Flour
Marijuana (at least one gram per guest.)

IN A LARGE MIXING BOWL:

*Cream together 1.5 cups of butter and 1 cup of sifted icing sugar
*add 1/2 teaspoon of vanilla extract.
*Break the marijuana into very small pieces. This is best done with



Our Prez. He has shiny teeth. We love him.

scissors or a knife perhaps. Make sure to get rid of all the stems, seeds are optional and may be used as a nut supplement. Set aside a gram. Sprinkle the remaining pot all over the surface of the batter and stir. Be careful that no pot is left on the utensil you use to stir it. NEVER WASTE MARIJUANA!!!!

*beat thoroughly
*gradually add 3 cups of all purpose flour mixed with 1/4 cup of rice flour
*combine well
NOW FOR THE FUN PART...

Roll into 1/4 inch thickness and cut into desired shapes. Feel free to use your imagination to its fullest capacity!

Place cookies on an ungreased baking sheet



Take the gram of pot you had set aside and sprinkle a little on top of each cookie. Be sure to be fair or some guests may begin toicker! This is for added colour (Green for Christmas!) and flavour.

Bake at 300 degrees for 18-20 minutes.

NOTE: JUST BECAUSE YOU ARE EATING THE POT DOES NOT MEAN THAT YOU WILL NOT GET THE MUNCHIES. THAT IS WHY I RECOMMEND SERVING THEM AS AN APPETIZER. NO MATTER HOW AWFUL A COOK YOU MAY BE, AFTER EATING THESE COOKIES YOUR GUESTS WILL GLADLY EAT ANY OTHER FOOD THAT COMES THEIR WAY.

Seek and Ye Shall Find

by mad enthusiast Steve Barber

Well, here we are again. It's November and the Herald is scrounging for cheap christmas shit.. So this week we present my opinion of the best place near Innis to buy used and cool CDs (they sell other weird'n'wacky things....like books, incense and many issues of High Times.)

1. Seekers.

I dropped by a friends place last week for a little relaxation (read: wacky tobacky) after work. Twenty minutes later I found myself sprawled on her couch enjoying a dream that featured a blue monkey with wings who flew out of Mike Harris' butt clutching a dented can of tuna in one small furry paw and the Magical Rod of Irony in the other. I awoke from this dream to the startling discovery that I was levitating. As I floated above the haze, I realized that the cause of my brief experience with weightlessness was the beautiful music that permeated my immediate surroundings. Gently sinking back down to the well worn couch, I asked my friend what we were listening to. "Pink Floyd's 'Meddle' remixed by the Orb", she replied. When I asked her where she found such a treasure, she told me "Seekers". Where Else? Seekers carries the cities finest collection of Ambient, World, Experimental, Techno, Acid Jazz, New Age and Gothic music. Seekers also has a good used CD selection, featuring everything from the mainstream (Bryan Adams) to the really hard to find (Facepuller Cd I found there 3 years ago). On top of all this, Seekers also has the best collection of new and used books in the city. Probably the only place that you will find hooks on Timothy Leary, Buddhist meditation, Women In Mythology, American serial killer culture, cultivating your own illegal substances, and harvesting hallucinogens along with cheap used copies of most of the books on your English class list, all under one roof. In case you haven't been convinced yet, they also play the trippiest music and are open until MIDNIGHT, seven days a week.

509 Bloor Street West Tel: 925-1982 Coolest Finds:

Plasticman, Sheet One, Aleister Crowley, Eleven (collection of Enochian Chants), United States of Ambience II (the best ambient compilation I have ever heard). This list may be continued next issue.....

The Evils Of Toilet Paper

by Lite 'n Up

If you think that this is just another facetious Herald article, you can blow it out your ass. The sad reality is that one of the first things we are taught when we are mere toddlers, completely lacking in wisdom or the ability to distinguish right from wrong, is to wipe our asses with toilet paper. Oh cruel, cruel irony that something so soft, white and pure could embody all the evils of our wasteful, even destructive, capitalistic consumption-driven society. How could we possibly know? And certainly we are not taught as we grow up to challenge the wisdom of our parents; rather, they are portrayed as the font from which all wisdom flows.

I dare to argue that this seemingly harmless act is, in fact, a great wrong. When we wipe our asses we not only harm the environment - we harm ourselves. I will not patronize you, dear reader, by laboring on about how the environment is that which surrounds us, how the quality of the environment about us directly affects our health and well-being, not to mention how 'green' is IN (and it's Innis's colour), and that anyone who doesn't agree with me deserves a knuckle-sandwich-attitude-adjustment.

Let's just say that when we wipe our hairy sphincters with a handful of bum-wad, we are killing lots of trees (depending, of course, on how hairy your butt is). This is bad. Absolutely wasteful. And disgraceful. But perhaps you can be forgiven. Granted, you have never had an original thought before. You have never bothered to consider something as trivial as the future of the human race. But perhaps now you will stretch your brain, with my assistance, as we search for an alternative.

When you think about it, smearing the brown stuff around with some scrunched-up paper isn't all that hygienic anyways. What you need to use is water: that miracle substance that quenches thirst, puts out fires, makes trees grow, fills balloons and, hopefully, can even clean your ass. Well, that's a start, but, as we all know, sometimes one needs a little physical agitation too. I have found that a face-cloth (kept apart from the one for your face), generously wet in advance, is the perfect toilet-paper substitute. Keep the water running. Wipe, rinse, wipe, rinse: and you're squeaky clean. Like a Barbie doll.

"Gross!", you say. Bullshit! Smearing shit all over your skin is gross. Killing trees is gross. In India, so I'm told, one customarily wipes oneself with one's wet left hand, hence the tradition of shaking with right hands. If you're still not convinced, FLUSH YOU! It's cleaner and more responsible. And I swear your cloth won't stink after. It won't be covered in crud. Poop is water soluble - it'll all wash off.

I hope you don't think this is a big joke. If you do, you've missed the point. And you're stupid. If you learn something, excellent! Happy wiping.



Coffee's Not Just For Goats

Any more
by Carlin Sander

Believe it or not, there are a lot of people out there who just don't like goats. I admit they're funny looking and kinda smelly, but humankind owes a lot to the goat. I'm not talking about any sex-driven, flute-playing, half-man half-goat. I'm talking about your average, everyday Mr. Joe Goat.

As the story goes, one day around 850 A.D., an Ethiopian goatherder named Kaldi noticed that all his goats had disappeared. Being the curious and brave man that he was, he decided to get to the bottom of it. He found his friend Tabatha the goat and followed her to where the rest of the goats were hangin' out. Kaldi sat down and stared, wide-eyed, at what he was witnessing.

Much to his amazement, he found every last one of his smelly beasts gathered around a bunch of shrubs. They were practically tearing each other apart trying to get their fair share of the succulent cherry red berries. The more berries they ate, the friskier they got.

As I mentioned before, Kaldi was a curious man and he couldn't help but wonder if he, too, would turn into a happy, frolicking goat after ingesting the berries. Unknowingly, Kaldi had discovered a new wonder drug - *caffeine*!

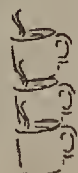
Needless to say, madly munching the mysterious red cherries, Kaldi soon became a jittery monster. One thing led to another and, before he knew it, everyone was greedily gobbling God's greatest creation.

The word on the street was that these berries were miraculous. Visitors to Ethiopia indulged in the berry-eating and it wasn't long before they managed to smuggle the seeds of these shrubs to their homelands. Some Arabs who had just returned from Ethiopia, c. 1100 A.D., came up with the idea of throwing the beans on an open fire, grinding the hell out of them and mixing them with water. They called this mixture "gahwa" (just like Java, eh?).

Lots of other countries got hip to the idea and started smuggling their own seeds out for cultivation (See, coffee wasn't really invented by the lone Columbian Juan Valdez). Sleepless days turned into sleepless months and sleepless months turned into sleepless years and, Taa-Daa: in 1822 the first espresso machine was invented.

It all seems so simple, doesn't it, but who would have guessed that coffee would become such a huge link in the chain of life today. Now, in this wonderful age of rage and reason, we, the inhabitants of the world, gulp down cup after cup completely oblivious to the mystical tale of the coffee bean.

So, the next time your nose hairs are tingling from the dark and delicious aroma of a deep, black cup of Joe, remember the goats and get a little frisky.



Brains In A Bottle?

by Jennica Harper

I work in a drugstore, and I admit I've gotten used to some pretty unusual requests, so when a young woman came in asking for a drug to help her memorize things easier, I didn't think much of it. I laughed, and pitied those poor students who spend their entire undergraduate degree anxious about getting into Medical School, I laughed because it just seemed silly. Then my jaw dropped, because the pharmacist was actually recommending a product...

Right there, on the shelves that I'd dusted a million times was a bottle of "SMART Vitamins", by Jamieson. The pharmacist was careful to warn the customer that they were only vitamins...they couldn't actually make you smart, but they might improve your concentration level. The bottle even states "CONCENTRATION...ALERTNESS...ENERGY...Smart Vitamins for Smart People". It also shows symbols indicating the pills are not tested on animals and are alcohol-free, so animal-rights activists and alcoholics alike can feel free to indulge, although the bottle recommends not taking more than two per day.

So anyway, I felt I had to buy them. So what if I'm an English student and I rarely memorize anything. I figured that everybody can use a little more energy, and I'm the first to admit that I don't have the longest attention span in the world. My future-med-student roommate and I popped our pills and went ahead with our respective days. I think they actually work - I stayed awake during my class - but the coming down is brutal. My roommate had no problem, but I came home from an hour-long class and went to sleep for five. Not a great way to save time.

If you're interested, the ingredients are mostly things like Ginseng, vitamin C and Kola Nut (which was actually in Coca-Cola when it was still being used as an energy-giving health drink, circa 1903). One bottle goes for about 10 bucks, and contains 60 capsules. We figured out that the best way to take them is probably one every day, like regular vitamins, and wait for the cumulative effect, but who can be bothered? Here are some more reasons for sticking with coffee as your stimulant of choice:

COFFEE

- cheap on a per-cup basis
- when you run out, it's readily available anywhere (and especially in UoT student centres)
- yummy
- a whole rainbow of flavours
- going out for coffee is a great way to ask someone out on a date
- warm on cold days

SMART PILLS

- makes you feel sort of pathetic
- that whole sleeping off five hours in the middle of the day thing (did you



Good Places to get coffee near campus

The Daily Espresso Cafe... 280 Bloor St. W (between Huron and St. George)

The house brew here is on the better end of decent: Colombian...The Daily Espresso also boasts "TLC," Toronto's Largest Coffee (\$1.50), the most tremendous coffee in town. I tried a Soyacino because I hadn't ever had one, and it was...well, pretty good. Then again, I can't stand soya milk, so that's saying a lot. They score big points on the muffins. A local artist designed the bar using glass, copper, water and shells and there are various international newspapers scattered around, so there's plenty to look at (the staff's not so bad either). Oh yeah, they're also licensed, so if you want to sip wine and read continental newspapers, this is a good place for it, but that's another article.

The Future Bakery... 483 Bloor St. W (at Brunswick) Bustling, Trendy (yes, capital T), the Future is a haunt for the hip, open till 3 a.m. and usually complete with an urbane mix of students, artsy folk, theatre-goers, locals and those simply enjoying the food and drink. The coffee's passable: noteworthy are their cheap refills, their Caffé Lattes, milk and coffee tied in a glass quite properly, and the Rocket Fuel (need I say more? Well...just a little), they use espresso instead of water in the brewing process. Their cheesecakes are divine, the bread is fresh and it can be a great vantage point for people watching. The coffee diversity is nothing special, mocha java and colombian; usually with one kind of decaf. for wimps.

The Green Room... 290 Brunswick Ave. (just south of Bloor, around the corner from The Poor Alex Theatre) There are couches, armchairs and comfy straight-backed chairs here. Definitely one of the highest rated for comfort. Coffee? No, just plain ambience. Well, no. Their espresso is drinkable. A popular meeting place, the Green Room features live entertainment, a poetry reading here and there, sometimes music too.

Diabolo's... University College, Junior Common Room. This place is student-run, and has the best muffins in the world. No shit. They are freshly baked on the premises, all the kinds are good. My advice: ask for the freshest. There are also usually four kinds of coffee to choose from, also freshly brewed (most of the time); and they always stock the politically correct (and totally tolerable) Bridgehead coffee, which helps OXFAM help hard-working, small third-world businesses. Their hot Apple Grog is okay, too. Diabolo's has a student budget based price range, and gives you the best bang for your buck, so to speak. The only drawback is that it's not at Innis.

7 West Cafe Inc., 7 Charles St. W., (south of Bloor, a block east of Yonge) The only reason this place gets a spot on this list is that they're open 24 hours a day, the chocolate banana cake makes me cream my shorts and that the Kids in the Hall sometimes (more rarely now) hang out there. They serve decaf. cappuccino and make their espresso in these funky gadgets they swear are from the 50's. Personally, I think they teleported them from the 2050's.

The Sugar Bowl Coffee Bar, 89 Harbord St. (just west of Spadina) No contest, these guys win hands down for the best music. I walked in to try their coffee and stayed for an hour because of the tunes. In the space of that hour I heard acid jazz, jazz and some of the best Australian and African didgeridoo I'd ever heard. It's reasonably comfortable, sofas and cushiony chairs are inviting and don't hurt your butt after you've sat on them for a while. The rugs on the wall are really neat; Turkish, Navajo and Persian (I think. Don't ever quote me on my rugs). The house brew is tasty. The espresso is okay. The man behind the cashier was so incredibly friendly, that I encourage everybody to go there and give him a tip, he's that nice.

Honourable Mention: Take 2 Cafe... 328 Bloor St. W., lots of selection, stay away from it near rush hour. Glitzy and alright for quick stops.

The Second Cup... Various locations off/on Campus... Okay only if you want a mocaccino. Make sure you get whipped cream. Screw the calories, it's ambrosial. Their hot chocolate is good but I always burn my tongue. Must be something in the mix.



The Beers of Winter

another in a series of enlightening articles for all Innis beer connoisseurs

by Cass Enright

As unpleasant as the prospect may sound, winter is fast approaching, bringing with it nights of bitter cold. However, there are many beers, nicknamed winter beers, that can help warm the body and mind, from a frosty glass on a frosty eve. Winter or Christmas beers are usually darker and richer than the lighter summer brews - and are definitely higher in alcohol. The strength of the beer complements the strength of the cold, as most winter beers are at least 8% alcohol, very often more. These beers have residual sugars in them, adding sweetness and body. They can be thought of storing the summer's heat for the winter, as a few of these will aid in combating the cold in the air by warming the body. In this article I will discuss some beers for those cold Toronto nights, some Canadian brands available in pubs and some imported brews from the L.C.B.O.

Some of Toronto's brewpubs make seasonal beers in the winter, including the Rotterdam and Denison's. The Rotterdam makes a very tasty Scotch Ale, while Denison's makes a Bock come January. The Scotch Ale is very dark, brewed in the Scottish style, with scotch malts, the same that goes into the booze of the same name. Denison's Bock is quite sweet and strong (6.5%) with low hop flavouring, and little bitterness. You may also want to try C'est What's Coffee Porter, or Niagara Falls' Eisbock, Maple Wheat or Brock's Extra Stout, all extremely good.

Many of the best winter beers, however, come from overseas or the U.S.A. Switzerland is not known for their beers, but every December 6th (St. Nicholas Day), the Samichlaus (\$4.50, 355 mL), meaning 'Santa Claus', is brewed. The batch is aged for eleven months and released the next December. Samichlaus 1994 is coming to Toronto this December. It has a high alcohol content of 14%, with a chocolate malt flavour. Definitely worth a try - it won't be back until next Christmas.

A truly interesting beer experience comes from the Samuel Adams Triple Bock (\$5.50, 250 mL) recently released in the L.C.B.O. From the Boston Brewing Co., this beer is truly an original. The most striking feature of this beer is its world record 17% alcohol content. There is almost a pound of malt used in the brewing of each bottle, plus added maple syrup and aging in oak barrels. Uncarbonated, this beer should not be thought of being for drinking but for sipping. Think of the Triple Bock as a port or cognac - for the brave connoisseurs only.

Two other Christmas beers just released are the Spéciale Noël (\$6.95, 750 mL), from the Binchoise brewery and the Bush de Noël (\$21.95, 4 x 330 mL box set), both from Belgium. Only brewed for the Christmas season, the Spéciale Noël is an ale including caramel malts and a blend of spices. This reddish brown beer has an alcohol content of 9%, with a sweet and spicy taste and a caramel aroma. The Bush Noël is also only brewed once a year, dry-hopped to contrast its year round regular Bush. It is deep red and full-bodied, with a lofty 12% alcohol. Both of these festive brews would be great for warming up beside the Christmas tree.

As bocks are usually spring seasonal beers, doppelbocks are for winter. Doppel means double, referring to the extra strength and darker colour of a doppelbock compared to a bock. The Schneider brewery in Germany makes the Aventinus (\$2.90, 500 mL), the world's first wheat doppelbock, that is, a bock brewed with wheat malt in place of the usual barley malt. The Aventinus is dark yet extremely smooth, with an 8% alcohol content. Like the aforementioned Spéciale Noël, nutmeg and other spices adds to the caramel malty tastes to this brew.

Finally, to return to our home country of Canada, you may want to try Québec's La Maudite (\$5.00, 750 mL), from the Unibroue brewery in Chambly. La Maudite means 'the damned', and one must wonder the motives of the brewmeister after knowing this and seeing the label - a picture of a devil! One of Canada's strongest beers at 8%, it is a Belgian-style ale with some fruity, oaky and spicy flavours.

I hope the winter is not too cold for us - but these beers are some of the best around to help warm the mind and body. Either trying some of Ontario's finest taps in Toronto's coziest pubs or out of the bottle in front of the fire and Christmas tree, these winter beers will help ease our suffering as we head into the winter months of 1995.

"When I was twenty,
I was a pretentious artsy.
Now I'm a year older
And my life's full of filler."

Wish a happy(?) birthday to Cass on December 10th.

The I.B.C.S. Pub Crawl on December 1st was a ravishing success. If you came, I hope you had an enlightening beer experience. If you did not come, no beer for you! Bigger and better events in the New Year!

Chef Boy R2D2

Well folks welcome to the first official:
"DESTITUTE'S DIET".

In writing this article I hope to inspire you with creative ingenuity, and a sense that money is nothing to worry about. Any student in this age of budget cutbacks, can and should provide themselves with a diverse and balanced diet. With a little skill you can make gourmet meals from the barest of pantries. You can learn to cleanse and heal your body's hurts and ills by modifying your diet creatively. In sharing this with you, my hope becomes yours.

So, to make a long story short this is a 'recipe column'. This month's sumptuous array includes: Curried Potato Casserole in a sauce of Home Made Cheese Curd. Stay tuned for next month.

CURRIED POTATO CASSEROLE

8 med. potatoes cut in 1/2 inch slices
To save time parboil potatoes while making curds.

Home Made CHEESE CURD.

2 litres Homo Milk
5 tablespoons lemon juice

Pour entire contents of Milk into a large pot and bring to a steaming frothy boil, but remember to stir occasionally so the milk doesn't burn on the bottom of the pan. Remove from element. After a few moments add a few drops of lemon juice at a time, while stirring, until the milk separates into Curds and Whey. In a fine wire strainer or a colander lined with cheesecloth (which you can pick up at most grocery stores for \$2-\$3) strain the curds and save the whey. Rinse the curds thoroughly with cold water and set aside.

CURRY SAUCE

Premade Cheese Curds (save 1/2 the curd to garnish the top of the casserole)
1/2cup Melted or Soft Butter
500ml Sour Cream
1 teaspoon Curry Powder or Turmeric
2 teaspoons Salt
3+ large cloves of Garlic
1/2 teaspoon fresh or ground Rosemary
1 teaspoon blk pepper
1 teaspoon paprika

OPTIONAL

1 chopped onion
several chopped mushrooms (any kind)

Mix all ingredients in a bowl, adding curd last by crumbling with clean hands.
Preheat oven to 400 degrees F.

Once the potatoes have cooked (check by sticking them with a fork to see if they still crunch) strain them in a colander. Rinse with cold water to cool them and wash off excess starch. Add the potatoes to the Curry Sauce and mix well. Spoon the mixture into a butter greased casserole dish (if you don't have one large enough, you can buy an aluminium one at most grocery stores for about \$2). Garnish the top with the remaining 1/2 of the cheese curds. Sprinkle a little rosemary and paprika on top for colour. Cover with aluminium foil and bake 25 minutes. Serve hot.

Serves 4 small elephants.

FEATURED WRITER OF THE MONTH

RAUL

*** Due to an editorial mix-up in the last issue, this article explaining that the two poems "Luz de Gloria Eterna" and "Light of Eternal Glory" are actually translations of one another was accidentally omitted. Instead of the poem published last issue, we have included another original work by the same author in its english translation. We apologize for any ensuing confusion or inconvenience that this may have caused to our non-Spanish-speaking readers.***

Last issue we featured an original work by upcoming playwright Ed Gass-Donnelly. This issue, in an attempt to feature prominent and potentially famous writers in the greater Metropolitan Toronto area, our writer of the month is none other than the "super-famous" Raul.

You may have spotted this Peruvian gentleman singing on the corner of Bloor and Bathurst, or maybe dancing in the nearby subway stations. He isn't too hard to miss. Wearing his characteristic black velvet hat adorned with a large hand-made gold name-tag, Raul lets everyone know who he is. Above all, the multi-talented Raul is an active member of the Toronto community. Among his accomplishments he lists: Superdancer Number One, advanced poet, impressionist art painter, songwriter, singer, inventor and bilingual. In addition to these prestigious titles, Raul will soon be hosting his own cable TV show to teach the unco-ordinated his "superstyle" of all-American dance. The Innis-associated band Project 9, who played at last month's Halloween Pub night, has written a song about this unique character titled "Superdancer Raul". The accompanying video will also feature Raul as (what else?) a superdancer. When asked for a comment, Jaime of P9 had this to say about the band's relationship with Raul, "We think he's really cool." Besides his passion for dancing, Raul also supports cultural programs at the Metro Toronto Reference Library.

Original Art by Raul

Raul primarily writes poetry in his native Spanish tongue, which he translates into English. He has already had four poems printed in the Spanish-Canadian newspaper "El Popular", one which of is featured below in the original Spanish along with the English translation. Raul has also revealed that he will be publishing 50 000 copies of his book of Spanish poetry through an American publishing company.

When asked about his poetry, Raul had this to say, "I write for the future. People will understand me then." Fraternity, solidarity, humility and humanity comprise the key elements of his philosophy. He recommends that all students should read the Chinese Philosopher Lyn Yu Tang, who believes in a 'worry-free' existence. If you are interested in learning more about Raul, you can catch him almost any night of the week at Kali's Donuts on the corner of Bloor and Bathurst, where he plays chess and offers to teach Spanish free of charge to anyone willing to learn. Otherwise, you can drop him a line at PO Box 214 Station P, Toronto, Ontario M5S 2S7.

by Antonia Yee

Editor's Note: "Feathers" is the last story in a series of three which have been published over the course of the previous two issues. In the editor's note accompanying the first issue I challenged readers to uncover the link between all three stories. They all mention one object in common. If you think you know what that is or if you care to guess, true to my promise in the last issue, I will be accepting answers and publishing the names of those people who answered correctly. It's not a big prize, but hey, I'm just a student and have nothing to offer you other than a whole pile of assignments that need to be done.

Feathers

by Kristjan Ahronson

"Good Morning," said Mr. Edwards in that funny way of his. The others, ignoring him, started to gather around the dinner table and prepare for the meal. Samuel, the tallest of the five aside from Mr. Edwards, climbed down from the ceiling and proffered his left arm in greetings.

"Why thank you," said Mr. Edwards as he took Samuel's left arm and put it into the cabinet that lay at his side.

"Jesus Christ dad!" mumbled Gerald to his father, the stumpy unshaven man in sunglasses. Gerald wore motley brown rags and smiled a lot. His father, the stumpy man, was busy putting on a vest thick with feathers. His sunglasses almost slipped off, but he managed to secure them with the staple gun he wore upon his waist.

"Jesus Christ dad!" Gerald mumbled again to his surprise. He was always surprised, even now as he turned to the bay window overlooking the mountainside. Gerald wanted a jug of water. He liked dunking his sleeves.

All of them, having finished gathering about the table, now sat around it. Samuel, tall and gangly with a cork pipe in his mouth, sat at the end. To his left were seated Gerald and his father, next to them were the twins. Both the girls had very long hair which they braided to each other. The twins cried out with surprised glee as they sat down. They had not seen the stumpy man place the eggs on their seats.

Mr. Edwards sat to the right of Samuel and across from the twins, Gerald and his father. Without fail, he always took that chair, for it was all alone and by far the most uncomfortable.

"A fine evening it is," said Mr. Edwards to his hosts.

This time not even Samuel looked up, for Ankhart, the cook, had entered with a large covered platter. He carefully made his way to the table and set down the platter before the twins; he quite fancied the two girls. They smiled back charmingly but quickly turned their gaze to the dish.

As one, the five diners stared longingly at the covered dish, except of course for Mr. Edwards. Having decided upon a certain wait, Ankhart now felt ready to unveil the meal. He gracefully grabbed the carved wooden handle of the polished silver lid and lifted it up.

"Aaaahhh," they all exclaimed as one, even Mr. Edwards. At the same time, however, Samuel reached for the decanter with his right hand and poured himself a drink.

Oh Canada

by Raul

The day that I arrived it impressed me
Why? It was the great democracy, freedom and rights
But my feeling, my emotion; it was the amiable people
their customs! Pardon me! Excuse me! Please! Sorry!
marvellous words that they were singing
Some celestial music. Congratulations Canada for your people!

Each day I am living, I am learning more and more
but never will I finish, because there is so much
to learn, each person, each city, each place,
it has many interesting and curious novelties
Niagara Falls—it has a nice attraction to the world
I have come from a far country, but I love Canada
so much that if it were permitted me,
I would exchange my nationality for Canadian.

It will come the day, that this unimaginable country
which I love so much for cheerful people and for their beautiful women
ladies and girls, who are such beauties, such queens
It is in these moments that me, that I am enjoying
I see a nice Queen-lady, she is seated in front of me
ten metres in distance, I see her large and impressive green eyes
Black blouse, short skirt, her face, it says to me
that her spirit, it is representing Canada
It is a nice, merry and gay free country

If I could choose which country I wanted to go to
One thousand, one million, one billion
Always I would answer Canada
As inventor I could put my little grain-pushing progress
and as composer, I'm praising the beauty of Canada
I hope that a nice beautiful Canadian lady
one day will give me the permission to demonstrate to her
my passionate love.
Can I reach that happiness?
I think that the answer is YES.

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

by W. N. O'Higgins

— She is standing close to her husband, talking in excited tones about the play. She is startled by the loud, sharp crack and the whistling wind that comes from nowhere. The screaming starts—deafening. The agony of the people and horses around her claws at her mind. She feels a wet, fragrant spray, and looks to her husband. He is holding a hand, and pointing the fountaining stump of his left arm at her. She turns to shield her baby from it. She looks at the swaddles in her arms, at the clean white cloth wrapping a mess of blood and pulp. Blackness.

"This is another one we found after the assassination attempt. An example of catatonia. Harmless. She can't eat in that state, so I don't expect her to last long. Let me show you what we are doing with electricity."

Out of the grey and into the light.

There is shrieking and moaning. I am afraid to open my eyes. I feel myself and my surroundings. I am naked, cold and sitting on a stone floor. I open my eyes. There are naked women all around. One is hitting her head against the wall, over and over and over. Some are moaning and touching themselves. One is banging on a heavy wooden door, shouting about how she doesn't belong here. There is one in the corner looking at me. She has a dark pudding in her cupped hands, which she has been eating. She sees me watching her and throws the food at me. It splatters me from head to toe. The smell hits me like a fist and I flee toward the grey.

The light is poking at me, prodding me. I go to the light to make it stop touching me. I open my eyes. It is dark and there are women all around me, touching me. One touches me down there and I shudder and pull back. One begins to scream at me and grabs my hair. I try to pull away but she is strong and she hits my head on the wall and bites my cheek. The grey beckons.

It is still and quiet in the grey, but the light is always there. I know that the light is the real world. But in the real world I am locked in a madhouse. I can't return to the real world. They will do things to me in the light. I reach out for the black. The light fades until I can hardly see the grey anymore. The grey does not pull at me. It is quiet in the black.

"Is she cold?"

"Yes."

"Is she dead?"

"Probably."

"Good enough."

Something has changed.

I have thought about it for a while, and I will brave the madhouse so that I can go back to my family, back to my baby. There is something that I need to remember about my baby. I will remember when I see him. I go to the grey. I brace myself to go to the light, but the light is moving away and I am falling back to the black. I struggle and reach the light. All is black; but this is not the black. I feel a weight crushing me. I am covered in dirt. I cannot breathe. I cannot scream. My struggles are muted by the pressure of the earth. I flee to the black for the last time. In the darkest black I find another light.

The End

Joe revenge

by Owen

The snow fell on New York, crisp and clean, the wind blowing spirals against buildings, cars, people and the little unheated yellow cab with its cold driver Joe. "The snow always ends up all black and slushy," said Joe to himself...

The snow had fallen on New York, fresh, crisp and clean in November of 1972. It was not the type of snow that blows in a squall, around and around, freezing you to the bone and then landing on the ground or your face and instantly melting, but the kind that is perfect for packing together into igloos, snowmen and snowballs. All the children in the neighborhood were out in the snow playing with their fathers. One father and son duo were making the biggest snowball you had ever seen. It already stood four feet high. Joe saw his father's unheated yellow cab pull up in front of the house. Joe decided that he wanted to play in the snow with his father.

Joe's father had been a New York caddy for twenty years. He had worked hard to get his own car so that he could make more money and maybe make something of himself—maybe one day have his own company if he worked hard enough. But he had a family to take care of, and a mortgage, and his wife's medical bill from when she had complications in her pregnancy, (sometimes he wished he didn't have a wife).

Joe, being twelve, figured that the best way to make his father come and play was to hit him with a snowball. As soon as Joe's father had gotten out of his unheated yellow cab, he was hit hard on the left side of his head by Joe's snowball. "Joseph!" bellowed Joe's father as his hand lifted and pointed at Joe's front door.

Joe had been following her since she had first left her shop; from the coffee shop and deli, *where she first ripped me off this morning*, to the bank, *Man she took her sweet time in that bank*, and finally to her house.

He waited in his unheated yellow cab until midnight, when he decided to move in. Standing on a garbage can, peeping through her bedroom window, he could see that she was alone: He crept around to her back door, *the old credit-card trick never fails*, and into the house he went...

Joe hung his head, as he always did when he got in trouble. He walked past his father, up the stairs to his porch and into his house. Joe's father followed Joe and slammed the door after himself. "Joe! What do you think you were doing, embarrassing me like that? And in front of the neighbors!" Joe's father yelled. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"But...but...but..." Joe stuttered, trying to hold back tears.

"No buts this time Joe," said his father all too calmly, grabbing Joe by the ear and pulling him up to his bedroom. "That was a stupid thing to do Joe," said his father as he threw Joe on the bed and proceeded to remove his belt. "Now I'm gonna teach you not to do no stupid things. And this time I'm gonna use the buckle."

Joe passed through the kitchen, *wait, get the knife on the counter, her room is the third down the hall. I hope she ain't got no dog*. He came to her door and mumbled, "I'm gonna teach you not to do any more stupid things."

Pulling up his collar to keep out the cold, Joe got into his yellow cab, *Hey it's Friday*, and drove off...

"But mom... why can't I go out?" asked Joe in vain, "It's Friday night."

"Joe, I told you weeks ago that I wanted to teach you how to make your great-grandmother's beef stew," replied his mother calmly and collectively.

Joe didn't even have to think about what he was doing this time, *that damned butcher! He just doesn't have a clue. What kind of an idiot would go around trying to pown off steak as stewing beef. I mean, he didn't even cut the damn thing into cubes*. So thought Joe in his ratty old house surrounded by millions of multi-legged vermin. In front of him lay the root of his problem, (or so he thought), in that one solid piece of beef...

"But mom, you didn't tell me that you were going to make this stupid stew stuff tonight."

"Well Joe, you never go out on any other night. I don't see why you have to go out on the night that I set aside to teach you your great-grandmother's beef stew recipe, which, incidentally, is not so stupid! It is very important that you learn your great-grandmother's beef stew recipe. You know that the doctor said that I couldn't have any more children after I had you. "Complications of the pregnancy," he said. *I soy it was your big hips*.

Joe knew where the butcher lived. The butcher was actually a close friend of his family. Joe's mother had bought all of her meat from the same butcher right up until her untimely death at the cottage in 1979. Joe pulled up in front of the house. He stepped out of the unheated yellow cab and knocked on the door. "Joeey! How are you? Please come in."

"But mom, couldn't you teach me next Friday? You see, I have this date with this girl and I really kind of like her."

"So your saying that your hussy girlfriend is more important than your mother? Your family? Your traditions? Oil Joeey, how can you hurt me so much?" Joe's mother began to sob. With every moment that went by she became more hysterical. "You devil, you Devil, You DEVIL!" she screamed, flailing her arms around her 1950's linoleum kitchen. Joe, paralyzed with guilt, could only stare and gape at what he had made his mother do, (or so he thought).

"So Joeey, what brings you to see an old man on a Friday night? Huh? Speak up boy," said the butcher as he walked back to the kitchen. Joe followed.

"I have a problem with my stewing beef. It wasn't cut into cubes."

"I'm sorry Joeey. I ran out of cubed meat and there was this rush of customers...and I figured that you of all people would know how to cut the stewing beef from my store, which you've bought here every Friday since your mother died."

"So your saying that all those other people are more important than me," said Joe as he reached behind himself on the counter for the razor-sharp carving knife.

Driving, Joe felt satisfied, as if something that had been holding him back had finally been removed. But he could not find the words to express the joy, the power that he felt. Joe felt the hot blood pumping through his veins. He felt like he was on some drug that made it seem as if the whole universe had come into perfect order.

SUBMIT TO MY SECTION OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES

Mad Love

I drank two Cokes, closed the door and opened the window, allowing the cold, pork-smelling air into my heavily postered bedroom. The weeded eyes of EPMD spied down on me from underneath their twin fishing hat, Flavor Flav's clock read 9:11 and LL Cool J peered through a chain-link fence.

"Thinkin' of a master plan, def with the record, def with the record..." Rakim declared over a flute loop as the Indian lady warmed her voice up. I pressed stop on the tape deck and turned my attention to the Dr Rhythm drum machine. I fired up and the kicks began pounding my chest as the snares stabbed my ears. Rolling, not too fast and not too slow, the beat was a good fuck, or at least what I imagined a fuck would be like. Word.

The Cokes had got me open and furious rhymes would not stop forming in my mouth (which had become mad dry by the time Smartass showed up).

"What up, kid?" asked Smartass, his maroon Texas A&M jacket drowning his sixteen-year-old frame.

"Have a Coke."

"Word."

I had another Coke, (I never let a guest drink a Coke in my crib unless I partake of the Real Thing as well), and told him my dad had jetted, which was good cuz my pops couldn't stand hearing his son make the "nigger music" upstairs. Smartass gripped the mic.

Mad beats, mad rhymes, mad flow.

Representin on the lovely.

"Yo," said Smartass, his dejected arm wiping the sweat from his close-cropped dome-piece, "when we grow up..."

"I know," I interrupted, "we gonna be rappers."

* * *

So Smartass, Mathematic and me was walkin down the street, somewhere in Skarbro. The sun was at the top of the sky and it was real hot. My ass was sweaty and some Puma-clad head was doing the backspins in my cranium. I had made sure to go back to the Honeycomb Hideout that morning and pick up all the empties. There ain't no need for kids to be exposed to the evils of teenage society, I was thinkin, or something like that. Or maybe I thought the empties held some significance, like seashells on a beach. Either way, I had been on some cleaning-up shit and I really needed a Coke.

"Look, I gotta bail," said Mathematic, the burden of homework heavy on his broad shoulders.

"Lates," I acknowledged.

"Lates," said Smartass.

The two of us went into Snappy's Foodmart and read some shitty Marvel Comics for a while, and then I bought as many Cokes as I could with a ten dollar bill. Eight Cokes, I think. The door jingled as we left, a sentient security camera following us.

I drank two Cokes and poured a third one out for Smartass and Mathematic, my dead homies, as I was feeling mad dead.

"Why you wastin' that Coke?" asked Smartass, his Nike touque slung over his thin eyes.

"I'm pourin' some out for us."

"Rob, man. Chill. It ain't so bad."

"It's like this, man," I began, as a tear dropped from my eye.

"We lost. Know what I'm sayin'?"

"Who cares?" he asked, a drop of Coke, (not a tear), dropping from his lip to his hoodie below, "We just come with the straight-up battle rhymes next time. No, fuck that! We come with the straight-up bucksshots!"

"Yeah. The bucksshots."

"Word up! The gats, kid!"

I laughed.

"No joke," the Smart One declared, "I'm just gonna murder MCs! Know what I'm sayin'?"

I drank another Coke and left my murdered soul on the sticky, butt-littered floor of Lee's Palace. It ain't no thang, though, cuz I got mad Cokes and Mad Love.

LITERARY QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"That bastard D.H Lawrence. Just another of those damned romantics. *Das ewig weibliche zieht uns heran*... Art for the sake of a bitch with hot pants, for Christ's sake! Goethe, Hugo, Shelley, the rest of those obscenities—name me one who could tell the difference between his soul and his balls.

- Hugh MacLennan

The Watch That Ends the Night

HOROSCOPES

by the collective unconscious

Aries (March 21 - April 19)

You only have yourself to blame for the mess you're in. Be prepared and on your best behaviour and don't let your temper get the best of you this time, or else you'll have another gas station attendant stuffed in your trunk. Congratulations on working hard (you have been, right?), enjoy your holiday and be as decorative as you can. Paint your face red and green and drop in on a random family. They'll love your songs.

Taurus (April 20 - May 19)

Well, the bull is abundant at this time of year, huh? You have many unfinished tasks on your plate, so eat all your vegetables. Even the moldy, rotten ones. You'll feel better about yourself. [In no way does the Innis Herald mean to imply that you should eat potentially poisonous food, and will in no way take responsibility for any injury sustained as a result of reading your horoscope. Why don't you bleeding hearts take responsibility for your own lives for a change? Stop blaming society, you pathetic losers.-ed.] Take some time to relax and take a break in order to deal with the winter blues.

Gemini (May 20 - June 20)

Personality wise, you are entering a time of radical changes in attitudes and opinions. Do not let the team of doctors discover this, lest they will put you in the "monkey ward" with only an imaginary budgie for company. Smile, eat lots of stuffing and cut down on your stress level or you'll crash and burn. We suggest morphine. Oh yeah, Gemini are twins! Drop your phone number off in room 305, Innis College. We'd love to meet you both!

Cancer (June 21 - July 22)

You will be meeting many new people soon. Give them a chance to show you their capabilities and you will learn something. Your performance level is very high so take advantage of this time, but don't spread yourself thin or your health will deteriorate. I'm sorry to hear about your relationship, but trust is an essential part and who violated it, anyway? Mistletoe my ass - still, if you learn to keep your tongue in check, you will reap the libidinous benefits of a happy holiday.

Leo (July 23 - August 21)

Leo is like the lion. The king of beasts. Take a shower, you stink.

Virgo (August 22 - September 22)

I am not a Virgo, but I feel as though I can relate to you people. I know now that you are really not the kind of strange wild apes I considered you previously. Instead, you are brilliant race of half-baked centaurs from the planet Urg. Consequently, I love you crazy Virgos! Oh, and remember that when you make a change, there are consequences. Big time consequences. Someone might be angry. And that someone might be me.

Libra (September 23 - October 22)

There are a lot of personal pressures at this point in time, and you must be willing to sacrifice something that you hold dear in order to finally relax. Like a goat. I know it will be difficult, but put your socializing on hold and face your responsibilities. You should pay back your loan shark before he breaks your legs. Trust your feelings and enjoy your holiday!

Scorpio (October 23 - November 21)

You're getting a lot of advice lately, but you know yourself. Follow your own logic. You know, that's utter bullshit. If I really wanted you not to listen to advice any more, I'd say "stop reading this, throw out your television, masturbate, and get on with your god damned life!" Of course, I would not say that to you. I want you hanging on every fucking word I crank out. Remember, I know what you did last Tuesday.

Sagittarius (November 22 - December 21)

It's time to take the "sag" out of "Sagittarius". And the "git" too. And the "arius", but you should leave in "it" because everyone needs to get "it" from time to time. Especially "us". Drop by your phone number at room 305, Innis College, and we'll hitch up, areher baby. But first, you must get rid of the "sag".

Capricorn (December 22 - January 21)

Do not rush love. It will happen. The only thing that rushing love could possibly do is mess you up so bad the only thing you can do is sit at home, masturbate, and write crappy horoscopes while you mull over your horrific internal bleeding. I hate you! But only until you realize just how cool you are and that I'm stuck here writing these in a stuffy office, where all the ashtrays have mysteriously disappeared. An omen?



Aquarius (January 22 - February 19)

You will be invited to three Christenings this month. Do not go to any of them, and if you do - don't say I didn't warn you. While you might find your studies slipping of late, don't worry about it, your sex life will soon improve. I don't know why you shouldn't worry, but just don't. You'll feel better about everything if you just get really drunk and attack a bicycle police officer. [I don't exactly know what to say about this, other than I wish I was an Aquarius. Personally, the Innis Herald feels that the police are doing a really great job, especially the underappreciated bike cops. Three cheers for the bike cops! Hip hip hooray! Hip hip hooray! Hip hi oh forget it -ed]

Pisces (February 20 - March 20)

I'll bet you feel just great, being perpetually dumped at the end of every horoscope section. Well, that's just tough. You were born at the wrong time, but that doesn't mean you're a loser. Go out there and make something of yourself! Maybe you can even write all the world's horoscopes some day, or, maybe you should take an appeal before the Pope and get him to change the way horoscopes are written. Only he has that power! You would no longer be placed at the butt's end of everything mystical on the back page of every newspaper in the known world. Cry me a river, fish head.

T	A	B	E	R	S	E	N	S	I	R	M	P	A	S	T	I	E	S
S	B	L	N	K	O	S	E	R	W	L	S	U	P	E	R	F	A	X
A	M	F	I	L	T	E	R	H	Y	S	M	M	B	S	M	O	W	K
C	L	H	S	O	T	A	A	O	I	M	U	O	T	M	Y	O	R	S
S	T	R	I	P	E	K	B	O	A	C	R	E	E	L	H	C	C	X
K	I	O	V	U	O	P	E	K	A	O	F	M	R	O	U	S	O	E
M	I	A	R	B	X	A	I	A	T	E	T	O	O	S	E	I	E	G
A	S	T	F	C	S	T	I	H	Q	O	Y	L	R	H	T	I	V	I
B	O	W	L	K	H	Q	L	P	E	C	A	O	B	S	Y	L	S	O
I	O	R	I	E	M	E	J	O	B	R	C	A	T	N	U	L	B	N
C	O	N	O	H	E	A	O	Z	S	F	E	Z	V	I	T	E	O	T
N	S	H	G	E	Z	B	Q	U	A	R	T	E	R	H	P	G	T	I
M	V	C	K	N	O	U	M	T	S	P	E	O	U	F	O	A	R	O
A	V	M	Q	P	I	C	K	U	P	H	O	E	J	E	U	L	O	E
R	S	O	E	C	B	A	I	N	R	O	F	I	L	A	C	T	H	L
L	I	O	H	Z	B	C	E	N	I	H	S	N	U	S	H	A	S	I
E	H	Z	E	I	H	I	U	B	L	C	O	S	L	R	T	H	A	R
Y	C	E	L	S	G	U	R	U	V	O	L	S	O	N	E	S	O	I
O	W	R	O	A	C	H	U	R	A	E	I	H	T	C	O	S	O	U
T	O	O	L	F	I	A	L	N	O	S	F	O	I	A	O	G	I	M
G	B	L	A	O	U	S	C	I	L	W	T	T	L	N	S	N	A	N
U	M	L	S	E	I	H	C	N	U	M	E	B	R	N	Y	H	B	S
A	J	S	X	G	I	T	T	G	K	F	O	O	L	O	T	A	T	L
I	S	M	U	Z	Y	C	H	E	E	B	A	X	E	N	A	C	P	Y

Baggies	Califor-	Delerium	Headz	Hotbox	Munchies	Rizla	Smurf	Tab
Blunt	nia	Dazed	High	Illegal	Pasties	Roach	Stash	Torch
Bong	Sunshine	Filter	Hit	Ism	Pick Up	Roll		Trip
Bowl	Cannon	Guru	Hookah	Lifted	Quarter	Sensi		Visine
Burning	Cheebe	Hash	Hoolar	Marley	Resin	Skins	Super	Visual
								Zoom

QUIZ MASTER 8000: ARE YOU SEXUALLY ACTIVE?

- What is your definition of "sex"?
 - Eating tacos and dreaming of your soul-mate
 - Playing the harpsichord with your genitals
 - "it". You know, "it".
 - The number in between five and seven
 - \$50 bucks to get lucky!
- When was the last time you had sex?
 - I'm having sex right now; it's really great sex, because I'm reading this
 - Why does everyone always ask me that?! Get off my back!
 - Just before I started reading this article. I thought about sex a lot. Now, I'm disgusted by that concept.
 - Three years ago, but there were 5 other people involved. And trained monkeys (with sticks!)
 - The last time I saw your mother, asshole!
- What is your favourite sexual position?
 - missionary
 - "the santa"
 - 69 (also accepted: 96)
 - 72
 - sitting in front of my TV, watching cheap porn
- If you had to have sex with a car, what kind of car would that be?
 - KITT, The Knight Rider car
 - A volkswagen bus
 - A sherman tank
 - Cindy Crawford
 - A bi-cycle without a seat
- How would you get a complete stranger to have sex with you?
 - Kill them, then have your wicked way with their dead body
 - Say, "Hey Mr. Pope man! I need the oral sex NOW! I'm a sinner! Beat me!"
 - Hi. I'm the editor-in-chief of the Innis Herald. Let's have sex.
 - Say, "Hey, baby. How much?"
 - Romance them with flowers and elegant dinners. Take them to the theatre, meet their parents, and then have sex with their older brother and cat. At the same time.
- When did you lose your virginity?
 - The day I discovered that small cracks in couches could be fun
 - Wow! I'm not a virgin? Give me a cigarette!
 - When I was 13, and my mom was "taking up my pants"
 - Frosh Week, when I was "down on the farm"
 - Thursday
- How repulsive do you find this quiz?
 - Not at all. I find it tame compared with my crazy sex life.
 - A little bit. I don't appreciate cracks about my mother.
 - Some.
 - I will find the sick moron who wrote this and cut off their goolies!
 - I wasn't paying attention. Could you repeat the question?
- Are you sexually active?
 - Yeah
 - no

SCORING:

For every A, add three points.
For every B, subtract three points
For every C, add three points, but then subtract them right away
For every D, dance around the room in concentric circles until you can see seven points floating in the air. Then, add them to your score
For every E, take another one. Then give yourself a good stabbing, as well as 2 points!



If you answered...

0: You are a sexual deviant with four nipples.
1-5: Same as above, only you have a fetish for Pee Wee Herman and really like snakes
6-10: Leopardskin. You know what we mean!
11-15: International playperson. Send us pictures!
16-20: You enjoy looking at babies' asses.
21-: We need people like you to write for the Innis Herald. Drop your submissions to room 305, Innis College.